

San Francisco, 26 July : 1900

# THE PACIFIC



Volume XLIX

Number 30

## Betake Thyself to Prayer.

WHEN bitter winds of trouble blow,  
And thou art tossing to and fro,  
When waves are rolling mountain high,  
And clouds obscure the steadfast sky,  
Fear not, my soul, thy Lord is there,  
Betake thyself, my soul to prayer.

When in the dull routine of life  
Thou yearnest half for pain and strife,  
So weary of the commonplace,  
Of days that wear the self-same face,  
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there,  
And then betake thyself to prayer.

When brims thy cup with sparking joy,  
When happy tasks the hours employ,  
When men with praise and sweet acclaim  
Upon the highways speak thy name,  
Then, soul, I bid thee have a care,  
Seek oft thy Lord in fervent prayer.

If standing where two pathways meet,  
Each beckoning thy pilgrim feet,  
Thou art in doubt which road to take,  
Look up, and say, "For thy dear sake—  
O Master! show thy footprints fair—  
I'd follow thee." Christ answers prayer.

Thy tempter oft, with wily toil,  
Seeks thee, my soul, as precious spoil;  
His weapons never lose their edge.  
But thou art heaven's peculiar pledge.  
Though Satan rage, thy Lord is there—  
Dear soul, betake thyself to prayer.

—Margaret E. Sangster.



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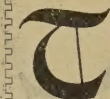
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# THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

*"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."*

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, 26 July: 1900

## Redeem the Time.

The time is short—

If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;

If thou wouldst win the garlands for thy brow,

Redeem the time.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,

And soon with me the labor will be wrought;

Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender;

The time is short.

—H. Bonar.

A few days ago we addressed a letter to the Rev. Dr. Holbrook of Stockton making inquiry as to his condition since his accident, in order that information might be conveyed to his many friends through the columns of *The Pacific*. Tuesday he dictated a letter in reply, the main parts of which are as follows: "Thank you for your letter of to-day, and for the interest you manifest, and friends through you. I am comforted and sustained, and prospects are favorable for improvement. The final results are as yet uncertain. Love to all the brethren in your building. I have excellent care—an accomplished male nurse and one of the most skillful physicians on the Coast. Thank God it is as well with me as it is."

The *Seattle Times* of recent date prints the plans of the building to be erected by Pilgrim church of that city. The interior of the building, it is said, has been patterned very closely after the beautiful Church of the Covenant of Washington, D. C. The intention is to build at present only a part of the edifice, which in its completeness will cost about \$40,000. The expenditure of about \$7,500 will give what the Pilgrim church needs at present, and \$5,000 of this amount has been subscribed. They purpose dedicating free from debt. The building is to be located in one of the best sections of the city, one having much promise of growth, and there are many good reasons for the belief that a strong church will be built up there during the next half-dozen years. The

Rev. E. L. Smith, who was one of the Moderators of the recent Pacific Coast Congress, is the pastor. Mr. Smith was a member of the Yale Band which came to Washington in 1888. His successful work in Eastern Washington is an earnest of success to be attained in this new enterprise in Seattle.

All well-informed persons know that the present troubles in China are not due to the missionaries; certainly not to them, in distinction from others. The opposition is to foreigners without exception, to all foreign influences. When China, smarting under the defeat in the war with Japan, reached out after foreign customs and systems, with the hope that their introduction would enable her to be avenged of her adversary after a time, the most ardent of the reformers insulted the sacred forms of the old empire, and thus brought the ignorant and superstitious among them to a point of actual fury toward foreign influences. The aggressions of some of the nations desirous of gaining footholds in China have been an element also in this hostile feeling. In the attempt to arrive at a proper conclusion as to the cause of this uprising it should be remembered that the Chinese have not always had humane treatment in the countries to which belong the people whom they are now driving from their borders. Let the American people recall the attacks made upon them at Rock Springs, the driving of them out of Tacoma a few years ago, and other shameful treatment from time to time among us. The story of these outrages has gone over to China, and we are regarded as a strange people. Our explanation of these occurrences and our excuses for them have not come to the knowledge of very many; and not a few to whom they have come have regarded them as faulty. Is it not, accordingly, somewhat surprising that the Chinese have refrained so long from pronounced hostility to foreigners?



### The Kingdom of God and the Middle Kingdom.

"The kingdom of God is not eating and drinking"—material gratifications are not its distinctive characteristics, the end it chiefly subserves—"but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." That is its ruling idea, to be embodied in living men and women. That is its supreme motive, governing life and conduct. And so the question as to the relations of the kingdom of God to the Chinese empire in its present distresses is substantially a question as to the obligations of Christian people in the case. And as to these, the sentence quoted above is decisive as a guiding principle. No nation has the right to interfere in the affairs of that empire in order to exploit its own commercial interests or territorial ambitions. Except as commissioned by the Prince of Peace, the allied armies constitute an outrage no less flagrant than those which they seek to redress. Inhospitability toward Christian civilization, and disinclination to fraternize with western nations, do not justify demands for territorial "concessions" or forcing an "open door" for commerce. It is no part of international duty to impose upon an unwilling people even the most enlightened fiscal system or commercial regulations.

Nor is revenge for injuries inflicted upon resident foreigners a valid excuse for movements such as are now going on. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Vindictive justice is his prerogative, unshared by any earthly government. Indignation and retribution are not identical, and revenge is wholly out of place. "The Lord is the avenger of all such" outrages as have startled the world into horror. "The wrath of the Lamb" is the only justifiable form of wrath; "the Son of Man" its sole executor. In no other hands could it be safely trusted. The German emperor, therefore, went quite beyond reason, in addressing his departing troops. His words breathed the spirit, not of the new, but of the old dispensation, when urging upon them the infliction of "exemplary punishment and vengeance." It was rather like one of the "sons of thunder" "calling down fire from heaven" upon his enemies, that he spoke. And in response to him, and to those who are taking up the same cry, we seem again to catch the Savior's pathetic protest: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of."

What, then, shall we say regarding the efforts to force a way to Peking, and the mustering of troops and ships of war to other points of threatening danger? That depends upon the motive. If these movements are held to their legitimate end, i. e., protection of the lives and prosperity of those who, in good faith, have taken up their abode in Chinese cities or country places, then they are not only justifiable but in the highest degree obligatory. That empire is no longer a hermit people; it has come into the family of nations; unwillingly, indeed, and as a result of external pressure, much of it unchristian and oppressive to the last degree, yet nevertheless yielded to by authoritative governmental action and now supported by its most enlightened statesmen. To this fellowship it is thus *in fact* committed. Relying upon the protection therein implied, travelers by myriads have journeyed thither, and thousands of them have there established themselves in business or engaged in regular occupations. Those residents have thus acquired valid claims to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," while maintaining due respect for constituted authorities. If assailed by lawless mobs or otherwise subjected to abuse they and their governments may rightfully appeal for protection to the Chinese authorities. Where this appeal fails, either through official weakness or guilty connivance, the nations thus injured in the persons of their citizens may compel a fulfillment, by the magistrates, of the pledged protection, or themselves assume the task. China is not at liberty to ignore these demands, or to withdraw from her compact with the other nations. Having made it, she must abide by it. If she refuses, then the case is resolved into a question of strength between the Middle Kingdom and the other nations concerned. Diplomacy or war must settle it. And that, so far as warlike movements have yet gone, is the Chinese situation to-day. Christian lives are imperilled; Chinese authorities can not, or at least have not, fulfilled their obligations of protection; and the other nations concerned have undertaken themselves to effect the rescue. In theory, at least, a state of war does not exist; in proof whereof Germany has already appointed another minister to replace its murdered ambassador. The allied forces are advancing not as an army of invasion, but as a posse comitatus in aid of the lawful government against rebels.



This, however, is not by any means a complete statement of the case. There are matters directly or indirectly involved in this conflict, which the allies have to settle not only with China but with China's God. They, too, have been notoriously unfaithful to solemn obligations. And the present outbreak of violence is in no small degree traceable to such infidelity. Along with the most strenuous efforts to reach and save our beleaguered fellow-Christians, therefore, there is need for a curb to be put upon our own passionate resentments. Our guilt may else be more heinous than that of the fanatic hordes which block the way. All depends upon the spirit in which the work is prosecuted. It may be a crusade, or it may be a demonic fight. We need, therefore, to remind ourselves continually that the kingdom of God is righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. We need to remember that the ten commandments are not abrogated; and that the beatitudes form the constitution under which Christian nations profess to live. We need to company with our King, and thus to see in the deluded hosts howling for Christian blood not brutes, but brothers; until we, too, can echo the plea of the divine Sufferer, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

That first condition of justice—put yourself in his place—is perhaps the most immediately pressing duty of the hour. We shall certainly err unless we take into consideration those long millenniums during which Chinese thought and life have worn deep channels of religion, of morals, of social customs, of government and of business; unless we realize their inheritance of ancestral traditions and superstitions, and the tremendous force which these have exerted in moulding character; and how absolutely antithetic the whole warp and woof of their civilization is to that of western nations. And that is not easy. The most difficult achievement possible, indeed, for a Chinaman or an Englishman is to reach a fair understanding of each other. The introduction of Christian ideas has involved nothing less than a conflict of civilizations; of civilizations, both of them the product of ages, under radically different conditions; of civilizations, moreover, both of them marvels of excellence in their way. In their meeting a conflict was inevitable. The only point to be guarded was

that the newer and better should follow the lines of least resistance.

But this notoriously has not been the case. It is a humiliating chapter of history which records the attempt of professed Christian nations to break through the barrier of Chinese exclusiveness. Even missionary efforts have not always breathed the spirit of brotherhood, and outside of these the approaches have been marked by shameful injustice. Contempt has matched contempt, and suspicion been repaid with suspicion. Nothing less promotive of confidence and friendship could be imagined than the intercourse of Chinese with foreign traders; nothing more aggravating than the rumors of foreign legislation, or the reports of treatment brought back from foreign lands by returning emigrants. It has been a conflict needlessly harsh and embittered, and such as to impress the life and death character of the struggle deeply upon the minds, not only of the Chinese peasantry, but of the educated classes as well. Western increase has been seen to mean inevitable Oriental decrease.

As a people, moreover, they have been ground between the upper and nether millstones of external and internal subjection to foreigners. The governing classes are not their natural leaders, but their oppressors, whose hated yoke they have time and again vainly attempted to throw off. "Foreign devils" are as often applied to the Manchu dynasty as to the invading white men. Every upper, indeed, has ruthlessly trodden upon the lower classes.

Caught thus within the toils of an oppressive and heartless social system, poor and hopeless, seeing with terror new industrial appliances introduced by their detested foes, which threatened to take from them their last means of livelihood, there are now the added calamity of crop failure and consequent famine. What wonder if the accumulated miseries of their lot, craftily taken advantage of and pressed by the calculating selfishness of those whose cry is ever "China for the Chinese," have wrought an ignorant, superstitious and wretched people to madness, and caused them to strike out blindly, careless where their blows may fall. Subdued, of course, they must be in the interests of humanity. But not with answering passion; not with proud contempt; not with bitter, revengeful hate; above



all, not with the purpose to profit by their calamity and make of their weakness an occasion for further despoilment. It is the Christians nations' great opportunity to manifest the meekness and gentleness, the magnanimity, the justice and the mercy of Christ. It is their judgment day not less truly than that of China. Their course of procedure will be also a showing of what manner of spirit they are of. It is for them to exhibit, if they are equal to it, the unselfishness and charity of the true kingdom of God. It may be for them thus to prepare that great nation, the future "industrial captains" of the Orient, for the willing reception of the kingdom and the messengers of God.

We must do justly, and love mercy, and walk fraternally with these our brethren, if we are true to our high calling. We must stand ready to fill the gaps in the ranks of those who have fallen while seeking to extend the benign sway of the heavenly kingdom. When the "open door" shall have been gained—as gained it is sure to be—an army of light-bearers must flood that empire with the Light of Life, until the Celestial empire is thoroughly rehabilitated and gathered into the family of redeemed nations amid which God's throne is set up, and over which He rules in gladness and in blessing.

### *The Bystander.*

**A Sunday Morning at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.**

The Bystander had not been to this famous church for a number of years. On this beautiful spring morning it appeared very inviting, even with its sombre black entrance, in such contrast with the bright brick walls. People were tardy in coming to church and the room filled slowly. The auditorium seemed small and insufficient, perhaps because the Bystander had been visiting the largest auditoriums in the world. As he sat there in that severely plain edifice he compared the simplicity of Plymouth with the magnificence of St. Peter's in Rome, and St. Paul's, in London, and saw more clearly than ever the difference between the Puritan and the Catholic and high churchman, as to worship. Plymouth church represents the democratic Congregationalism of the United States. The pastor who now takes his place in the pulpit wears no gown, but he is accompanied by an assistant, who is more useful than a gown. By the by, gowns are quite generally worn, not only in England, but in the Eastern part of the United States. The congregation at Plymouth completely filled the church. The sermon by Dr. Hillis was "an

effort," which is to say, a rather labored and anxious attempt to attain a certain ideal. It was a little long, but brightened by passages of fine rhetoric and stirring eloquence. Dr. Hillis is not Mr. Beecher, nor Dr. Abbott; but he is himself, and is making an impression in the religious life of Brooklyn. A member of the church showed me through the Sunday-school rooms and pointed out the room fitted up by Mr. Sherman. The fine portraits of Mr. Beecher and Dr. Abbott, done in oil, are beautiful memorials of two notable pastors.

The Bystander was told that Dr. Hillis is working hard—too hard—and that his physical strength will, in the days to come, be severely tested.

The second sermon is coming to be more and more a burden upon the already overworked pastor in the city. With numerous calls demanding his attention from Monday morning to Saturday night it is well-nigh impossible for the average preacher to grind out two fresh and inspiring sermons every week.

#### **The Farmer and the Pastor.**

The Bystander overheard a conversation between a farmer and his pastor in Pennsylvania. It was an uncomfortable moment for the pastor. The farmer thought ministers generally lazy, without very much to occupy their time. He suggested that every pastor have a patch of ground and raise vegetables; that two sermons on the Sabbath required no special effort, and that furthermore it would be good for the health.

The minister was unable to make this good farmer understand and the farmer did not make much impression upon the minister. Each lived his own life, and they were quite distinct. The one knew more about turnips than sermons; the other more about the ministry than agriculture.

It must be said, moreover, that in quiet rural communities, apart from the exciting duties of a city pastorate, the cultivation of the soil may not interfere with the saving of souls. Besides, it is often convenient for the Pauls to engage in a little tent-making in order to make ends meet.

#### **The Young People and Their Amusements.**

The Bystander has been impressed by the way people amuse themselves. A man's character may be judged by the things which make him laugh. Amusements furnish manners, morals, ideas, standards of conduct, and color what we are and do. They are vital influences in our lives. The danger is that they fall even below the commonplace and descend to the silly, purposeless enjoyment of the lower nature. This is the danger of the church social. The Bystander believes that young people should, by the aristocracy of taste, redeem popular pleasures and give them a purpose. Pleasure is not sin. Lord Macaulay said the Puritans objected to bear-baiting not because



it tormented the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. It does little good for the pastor to decide questions of casuistry for young people. Congregationalism places the responsibility upon the individual conscience. But pastors may call their young people up to a higher standard of enjoyment—up to a loftier intellectual plane, where amusements contribute to the intellectual and moral life.

**Books, Wise and Otherwise.**

What has been said upon amusements reminds me that reading is one of the popular pleasures. The American people are erratic readers. Their reading is spasmodic, a sort of exploration into new fields with the hope of finding some new thing. The Bystander is not, as he thinks, a novel reader, though he confesses to having tasted some new books of late. He took a nibble at a few, and like a boy who makes teeth-prints in a rosy apple, which he finds sour and throws away, laid them away without finishing them.

He has read one book, however, which he warmly commends to ministers—James Lane Allen's "The Reign of Law," a tale of the Kentucky hemp-fields. This is a most delightful book—a study in doctrine brightened and freshened by the breath of forest and field, with a fine touch of rustic romance. Read it.

**The Second Coming of Christ.**

*Editor of the Pacific:* As an interested reader of the organ of our churches on this Coast, I could not help being impressed with the present day drift of theological thought, as exemplified in W. S. Urmy's book, "Christ Came Again," of which book you published a notice in a recent issue of *The Pacific*, and also in the author's reply to W. C. P.'s criticism.

To me it seems passing strange that it fell to the lot of a nineteenth century writer to discover that the second coming of our Lord is already past and occurred some seventy years after his first advent, and that the early Church fathers remained in absolute ignorance of an event of such tremendous importance. Why is it that such men as Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, A. D. 101, who died only about a half-dozen years after the Apostle John, and who wrote many things concerning the early Church, has not a word to say about such an event. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, a disciple of Polycarp, who had been a companion of the apostles; Tertullian, and a host of others of the Christian Church fathers have not a word to say concerning such a momentous event as having already taken place. Does it not seem remarkably strange that an event so eagerly and anxiously looked forward to by the early Christian Church should have been passed entirely unnoticed by these devoted followers of Christ? Mr. Urmy's plea in behalf of his position, of the absence of any record of the his-

tory of the Church during this period, seems to me a very weak one indeed.

Christ himself tells his disciple that his second coming will be in great power and glory; that it will not be in a corner or in some secret place, but prominently public, even as the lightning shineth from one end of the heavens unto the other (Matt. xxiv: 27).

Paul tells us "that the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God" (I Thess. iii: 16), and associates with this second advent the resurrection of the dead. Wherever the second coming of our Lord is mentioned in the New Testament, it is always in this way: an occurrence of world-wide prominence and publicity. Every one of earth's inhabitants will witness it. "If they shall say unto you he is in the desert, go not forth;" or, "Behold he is in the secret chamber, believe it not." For when he does come it will be as plainly visible as the lightning shining in the heavens from east to west (Matt. xxiv: 26, 27).

And such an event Friend Urmy would have us believe has actually occurred, and Church fathers were in utter ignorance of it, or else knew of it but failed to say anything whatever about it!

But again, Peter writing of our Lord's second advent, couples with it the complete and utter destruction of the present order of things. And Peter certainly knew something about these things, for was not he one of the three who were permitted a glimpse of the glories of the future kingdom, and the power of its coming when he was with the Master and the other two disciples upon the holy mountain, and, by the way, I believe that Matt. xvi: 28 was entirely fulfilled in this vision. Christ's humiliation was near at hand, but before he was about to leave his disciples, he took three of his most gifted and faithful followers with him into this mountain and there gave them this vision of the glories of the coming kingdom, the kingdom of which he himself is to be the great King. Just read the account of his transfiguration in the different gospels. This vision was to be a comforting assurance to them and to the other disciples after his departure from them and during the fiery trials through which they themselves were to pass. Peter mentions this vision in his second epistle and tells us that he is not following cunningly devised fables when he is making known the power of Christ's second coming, for, he says, we were with him and were eyewitnesses of his glory on the holy mountain (II Peter i: 16-18).

But what has the Apostle Peter to say concerning Christ's second coming? "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own (desires) lusts." Have they come? "And saying where



is the promise of his coming," etc (II Peter iii: 3-4). And again, "But the day of the Lord *will come* as a thief in the night [unexpectedly], in the which the heavens shall pass away"—how? "With a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up" (II Peter iii: 10).

And has this event also occurred, and we in entire ignorance concerning it?

But one thought more and I close. The N. T. writers associate the resurrection of the dead with Christ's second advent. Christ himself tells us that "the hour is coming in the which *all* that are in the graves shall hear his voice and come forth. They that have done good," etc. John v: 28, 29.)

Paul, in II Tim. ii: 18, mentions some Christian teachers as having erred teaching that the resurrection is already past. Does our Friend Army and others of his faith belong to this class? Let the candid Bible student search the Scriptures and ascertain. In closing, let me say that Christ plainly distinguished between the events preceding and coincident with the destruction of Jerusalem. In Luke xxi: 24, he tells us that Jerusalem shall be trodden down after its destruction until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled. Jerusalem is still trodden down, but if present signs count for anything, this time of the Gentiles is nearly fulfilled. When this shall have taken place then the events which he narrates subsequent to this occurrence will take place and "*then* shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud with power and great glory" (Luke xxi: 27).

"Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be found worthy to stand before the Son of Man."  
J. A. Hankey.  
Santa Ana.

### Concerning Mormonism.

Rev. Clarence T. Brown of Salt Lake, Utah, was the speaker at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity on Monday. It was an illuminating and deeply interesting address upon certain aspects of Mormonism as viewed by one long resident at its headquarters. Not the polygamous practises, except incidentally, were touched upon, but the deeper-lying doctrines of God, and of an infallible Church.

In these are rooted the real life of the system and its most formidable defences. A God who is simply perfected man, a Bible, a Church and a prophetic order, which are supplementary to those of the Christian Church and so of superior authority to them all, the latest and only infallible medium of divine revelation—these are the real foundation of the Mormon faith. Polygamy might be eliminated and Mormonism survive, but the uprooting of these other teachings would be

the death of the system, and the difficulty in accomplishing this center in the truth which pervades them, half truths only indeed, and wofully perverted, yet carrying the plausibility which such half-truths always can command.

In considering the remedial measures it was declared that education alone cannot accomplish the work, nor legislation, nor anything, except a religion which is rational, humane and instinct with the energy of the Divine Spirit.

A resolution heartily adopted expressed the unusual interest which Mr. Brown's address aroused and the thanks of the Club for its timely presentation.

Some claims often put forth in behalf of Mormonism were emphatically refuted, as, e. g., that drunkenness or the social evil have been lessened thereby. The very reverse is the fact, specially as regards the second of these vices. Plural marriages do not remove the temptation to lawless lust. They aggravate it rather by the low and sensual type of life which they encourage.

As to the spirit in which the Mormon delusion shall be combatted, great emphasis was laid upon the necessity of love. Nothing can be accomplished without it. Failure must attend the efforts of those who undertake the work in an unsympathetic spirit, that is, without recognizing the many good traits and lovable characters to be met in Mormon society, or without a tender charity for those whose history and environments have combined to fasten upon them this fatal delusion—all of which would seem to show that Mormon sinners are very much like other sinners, and need, as we all do, to be loved back to the Father's house.

The newest aid in railroad education is an airbrake school car, maintained by the Burlington Route to instruct its enginemen and trainmen in the proper use of airbrakes. The car makes regular visits to the principal points on Burlington lines, the airbrake school being in charge of instructor A. J. Cota. Each morning and afternoon he spends several hours at the cars showing railroaders just how to get the best results from the brakes. The machinery in the car is rigged with the same amount of airpipe and cylinder space that is found in a train of thirty cars with the engine. Mr. Cota says it is a mistaken opinion of many that to make faster time the railroads have been compelled to devote all their energies toward building faster locomotives. The locomotives run fast enough to make the fastest schedules, but the main trouble has been to make quick stops. Every time the Burlington has made radical reductions in its time it has placed in service improved airbrakes.



*Blue Monday Papers.*

By W. H. G. Temple.

**The Parish Door-bell.**

It never rings twice the same way, and certainly no two of them ring alike. I have sometimes wondered if people were not generally like their own doorbells. Why not? They often select them. Is there not as much indication of character in buying a doorbell as in choosing a society belle? There is this difference between the two: The former is always practical, and its ring is always genuine. But even if one lives in a rented house, with a doorbell thrown in, constant companionship tends toward assimilation of character. A man or woman can soon become like his or her choice in anything. I have sometimes tripped up the front steps of a house and pulled the bell, or tugged at the gong-crank, or pressed the button, until I have startled myself with the bang that followed. I was not the least surprised, then, to be confronted by a red-faced, loud-spoken woman whose eyes snapped against the background of her forbidding features as though she belonged to the general electric connection, and responded as part of the device. I have pulled a gentle-looking, dainty little knob, and heard a distant and delicate tinkle, and have felt certain that she who opened the door, or met me in the parlor, would correspond with the character of the ring. Of course there are notable exceptions. Big bells reveal little people, loud bells silent people, double bells single people, and sweet-toned bells coarse people; and sometimes when I have seen the inmates for the first time I have wondered why they did not have an old-fashioned, iron knocker on their front door that weighed about a ton—such thundering voices did they have, and such glowering eyes. From considerable experience in handling bells and people, I am inclined to think that doorbellology might be included among the sciences.

Then, again, it is an art. The man who rings the bell may vary its tone according to his mood. I should say that a gruff, busy man would give a quick, sharp ring; a timid person a slight ring; a nervous person a petulant ring; a large-hearted man a cheerful ring; a despondent soul a doleful ring; and a minister an appropriate and perhaps a denominational ring. An Episcopal rector would be likely to give a liturgical jingle. A Presbyterian minister would find it natural to give a revision or anti-revision bang. A Baptist pastor would produce a purling, liquid sound. A Methodist preacher would wake up all the household, as though they had heard an alarm of fire. A Congregational dominie would—well, what would he do? Our denomination is a quiet harbor, into which the storm-tossed of all the evangelical sects find

their perturbed way. Many of our ministers have come from other communions. A distinctive ring would be a difficult one to give. It would have to be, in many cases, a composite chime, with an emphasis of independence added. Being born a Methodist, reared an Episcopalian, re-born spiritually a Methodist, having several near relatives and intimate friends among the Baptists, and having received the impulse toward the ministry by hearing a Presbyterian preach—I find, when I take hold of the parish doorbell, a natural desire to let all evangelical Christendom pulsate through my arm, and set the echoes of Christian unity ringing so joyously that every clanging discord of sectarianism shall be lost in the blessed sound.

Then, again, outside of his denominational tendencies, a pastor's touch of the doorbell may take on different characteristics at different times. His experiences are so varied in the course of an afternoon, that the influence of them must overlap and intermingle. At 2 p. m. he may be holding up a little cherub of a baby, six or eight weeks old, and talking to it in that peculiar language which suits its age and pleases its mother. At 2:30 he may be sitting at the bedside of a dying saint, speaking of heaven, and experiencing it while he listens to the glorious testimony of the trusting soul soon to be translated. At 3:00 he may be calling on a new family and endeavoring to get acquainted with a reticent nature. At 3:30 he may be frolicking with a party of youngsters on a summer lawn. At 4:00 he may be conducting a funeral service, and at 8:00 a wedding. The wonder is that the average parson can get his face into appropriate expression for the varied circumstances that so quickly and kaleidoscopically surround him. Coming from a bright scene, with the ripple of innocent mirth still tickling his feelings, he will be apt to give a saucy pull to the bell at a home where there are heart-breaks; and then, subdued and sympathetic, he will again forget himself and very gently press the button on a door that opens on a scene of the most boisterous jollity. After making one of these mistakes, I sometimes ask myself what the inmates think of my contradictory ringing.

The parish doorbell has become an old and dear friend to me. I could not get along without it; and yet I do not ring it nearly as often as I wish. Sometimes for weeks I am denied the luxury of visiting my people. So many things—bothering things, fussy things, routine things, unexpected things, imperious things, all of them—so many different classes of things demand sudden and conscientious recognition and attention, that the parish doorbell has to wait and wait for my coming. I can almost hear it complain in its tingle, "What has become of you? I thought you



had forgotten me." But I haven't. No true pastor can forget his people. They are his joy and his crown, as the Apostle says. As I sit in meditation during my vacation rest, or when I am hundreds of miles away from my parish, I can almost hear the confused tintinnabulation of the doorbells on my remembered rounds. I sometimes wonder whether in heaven we will hear the echoes of earth; if so, among them will surely be the joyous and sad reverberations of the bells we have rung when we have entered the homes of our friends here. But they will be entirely overpowered by the jubilation of the celestial chimes. Oh, the bells of heaven!

### A Voice from Sonoma.

*Editor of The Pacific:* The few subscribers to *The Pacific* in Sonoma note the meagerness of weekly news from Northern California churches. The far-away sections are more faithful in contributing religious information of themselves than are those around the bay. Figuratively, the distant pews are in good connection with the pulpit, while the near ones are either vacant or have gone to sleep.

Is it modesty, Mr. Editor, of that feminine and to-be-commended sort, which shrinks by nature from publicity that prevents these brides of Christ from openly speaking of their virtues one to another? Or is it because it is anybody's duty to send a word, and what is anybody's is nobody's business, hence the neglect? Or is it because such announcements are idle, common in the main to us all, a waste of good space in the paper and of good time in writing and reading?

One of the two great foci of the Congregational ellipse is fellowship, having to do one with another, and the best channel for a regular and healthful fellowship is the weekly organ that represents us all; but when the writer turns each week with anticipating interest for information about his fellow-brothers and their work, he is constrained on beholding the exceeding brevity of it to exclaim, "This is the *weakly* fellowship!" Forgive me for this, Mr Editor, and surely you will, for the responsibility is not and cannot be yours. But let me, being thus bold, be still bold enough to make a suggestion, not to you, but through you to the churches; perhaps it is puerile, but here it is: Let every church, officially, appoint some one—not its minister—whose duty it will be to inform us, through the columns of *The Pacific*, at least once a month concerning the church life, growth and welfare—physical, intellectual and spiritual. Then we who are called to walk in the light that our deeds may be approved—not in any haughty way—shall not be in the dark in our knowledge and Christian acquaintance one with another, and such acquaintance, filled with interest and suggestion, would often be as the

reach of a helping hand, which many would gladly take and profit withal.

I came into my study a few moments ago intending to send you some news from Sonoma, both secular and religious, not having seen the name of our good town in your pages for many months, feeling the neglect to be our own and also an evidence that we had fallen asleep. We are awake—not perhaps wide-awake, yet not asleep; but instead of writing you the news "the mountain in labor has brought forth this mouse." What will you do with it?

Charles D. Milliken.

### A Daily Prayer.

I once heard a good woman say in a consecration meeting that her daily prayer was, "Give me every day a little work to occupy my mind; a little suffering to sanctify my spirit; a little good to do to comfort my heart." How many of us pray for such things as these? Every life needs for its perfection three things asked for in this prayer. There can be no real happiness without work. No one is so restless and discontented as the idler. No one knows so much weariness of spirit, no one is so likely to fall into evil habits, no one gets so little out of life or puts so little into it, no one is so little to be envied as the person who has nothing to do. It is true that "in work consists the true pride of life; grounded in active employment, though early ardor may abate, it never degenerates into indifference, and age lives in perennial youth. Life is a weariness only to the idle, or where the soul is empty."

And it is true that nothing sanctifies the spirit like suffering. Do not pray that you may escape all suffering, for you can not. Your spiritual life can not attain its highest degree of development without suffering. There is nothing sweeter or more strengthening in this life than the comfort to be derived from God when one has borne the heavy cross of pain. The most saintly souls I have ever known have been those who have suffered most; and the most careless and indifferent ones have been those who have suffered least. There is a divine element in all human suffering. A noted preacher once said: "So suffer that it shall make you a benefactor of the great throng of sufferers that are round about you. So suffer that it shall bring you into sympathy and personal alliance with God. So suffer that you shall rejoice that you are made conformable unto his death and sufferings."

And the life that does not do some good every day has not performed its highest mission in the world. It is comforting to the heart to feel that one is doing good. Nothing else can give so much real and lasting satisfaction.

Have you done a good deed to-day?



## Claims of the Sunday-school upon the Endeavorer.

By Rev. L. M. Walters.

Dr. Josiah Strong says, in "The New Era": "It is only about thirty years since a Calvinist in New England, a man of undoubted piety and of great reputed learning and ability, when asked if any of the Methodists (or Armenians, as they were then called) could be saved, replied with utmost solemnity, 'Not one.'" He thus illustrates the intolerance of religious sects up to so recent a date. The nineteenth century has witnessed no revolution so widespread, so complete and so important as the dethronement of bigotry and intolerance throughout the Christian world.

Our Lord prayed "that they may be one even as we are one," and long has an unyielding church prayed for a united Christianity, not knowing how God could bring it about amid so many conflicting and stubborn elements. But the Lord brings into his service his own agencies in his own time (Job xxviii).

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was the second great agency of the church to promote interdenominational unity. This work has been its chief glory, and its service to the world in this respect can not be overestimated. Its stupendous influence from its origin was the result of a vast preparation.

Is the Y. P. S. C. E. a gospel agency of energy and efficiency? Let it remember that it was this in its beginning. Is it an equipment born of the church for the use of the church? Call to remembrance its immediacy, applicancy, efficacy. Is it an executive force, with ability to plan, educate, evangelize and manipulate every church enterprise? It was all this from a fledgeling. From whence came its preparation?

The interdenominational and international Sunday-school lesson system laid the foundation for religious comity, in this country and in all lands where our Bible was being taught. The first seven years' course marked out by the interdenominational committee encompassed the entire historical, doctrinal and practical teaching of the sacred Scriptures. With singular unanimity the Christian world accepted this course of Bible study; and with remarkable ability and energy it pursued it to the end. Text books were prepared, lesson journals were issued, necessary helps for every class and condition of mind were at hand and in use. Ministers and missionaries laid hold of the opportunity and used the idea, and the means provided to carry it out, as a providential institution for the education, training and evangelization of those to whom they were called to teach and preach. Intelligent Christian laymen everywhere received the inspiration to supplement the work of the ministry

and the co-operative energy of pulpit and pew gave to the over five millions of students on both hemispheres the best methods, appliances and facilities, and the world never witnessed before such a revolution of thought, such a unity of sentiment, such a hungering for universal brotherhood. This was a natural result of a thorough and universal searching after truth under a system that opened the Bible to the same text for every part of the world daily. Ministers preached, teachers taught, missionaries heralded, editors published and the church of God yielded its ear, understanding and heart to the same gospel message every Sunday. The Sunday-school idea enlarged; all ages of pupils were enrolled; mission schools were organized; home classes were instituted; adult scholars became trained teachers; teachers graduated into ministers and missionaries; home fields were multiplied; missionary treasuries filled up; calls from "Macedonia" for help were answered with promptness; the Bible was translated into every known tongue and unprecedented, brilliant triumphs attended the gospel in all parts of the world. No decade of the world's history ever witnessed so much earnest study of the Bible, and more activity in religious work, than that between 1873 and 1883.

Then was organized the Y. P. S. C. E. and its wonderful enrollment of membership was in most part from the vast Sunday-school army. The enrolled were already educated and trained recruits for the service of the church, and were ready for any and every work marked out for them.

In its organization the Y. P. S. C. E. was intended to be what it at once became—a uniform working organization, of the best element and force of church activity, for the spread of truth and righteousness. Its basis of organization was broad enough to take by the hand and into fellowship all who truly love our Lord, and bring into unity of effort every Christian church. The felt need of uniformity, the awakened desire for a universal brotherhood and the liberal prescribed line of duties marked out, afforded an opportunity for this society to enlist an army of workers and put them in the field for action at once, and this was done.

We saw in this wonderful organization an adhesive element that possessed such a force as to bring into unity all evangelical believers, destroy all sectional, race and denominational differences, and awaken a spirit of religious tolerance as widespread as was the gospel teaching. We saw this element actively working until it has wrought itself into a fellowship that unites in one all who truly love our Lord, and this federation of Christian influences and churches prefigures that day when humanity shall be perfected in Jesus Christ. That element was biblical and had been acquired mostly in the Sunday-school.



The last quarter of a century has developed a religious comity that is most effective in its destruction of selfishness and bigotry, and Christians everywhere have a broader view of the teachings and doctrine of Christ; they have a keener sense of the rights of believers of all classes; they have a better self-control, and reach out farther and more tenderly to all the world; and higher conceptions of life and duty incite to the most active effort to bring the church of God into unity. The Endeavor movement has done more than any other to bring about this condition of things. This has been a distinctive characteristic of its organization, and the supremacy of this work can never be overestimated.

We come now to acknowledge a great fact that must be kindly and sympathetically touched. The era of our exuberance is passing. The young people who became identified with the Endeavor movement at its beginning have matured and are giving place to a younger element, that may not be better educated in Bible truth nor better trained in Christian work than were the original promoters. The church and pastors everywhere are "measuring effects, calculating results and weighing the whole movement carefully." Serious problems are coming to the front and the society is passing through a crisis. One thing is to determine its future. Bible truth has been its adhesive element from its beginning. It must continue this foundation and upon it build its practice wisely—herein is its undoubted security. Otherwise its influence must wane.

Its founders received their education and training in the Sunday-school. No practical advantage above the Sunday-school exists anywhere for the systematic, thorough and uniform study of the Bible. This the evangelical church almost universally acknowledges, and the proof is seen in the universality of the Sunday-school and the uniformity of its purpose.

1. It is the authorized Bible-school of the church.

2. It furnishes the best preparation and facilities for the study of the Word.

3. It affords every Endeavorer an opportunity of applying himself to the study of the Scriptures, and teaching them in conformity with the spirit of the society's organization and the obligation that every Endeavorer takes when he becomes a member.

4. And again, the unprecedented and unequalled uniformity of the Sunday-school lesson system, its universal acceptance, its long-tried methods and its great need of the liveliest and most active force in the church, appeals especially to the Endeavorer for help, and in turn promises this young element the best possible field of operation for every character of work contemplated by the Endeavor Society.

Would it not be well for us to consider carefully how much the Endeavor movement did detract from the Sunday-school energy, and how much force it does yet expend, in many ways, that has no direct bearing on Sunday-school effort? Would we not discover that the organized Endeavor movement did divert large numbers and magnificent spiritual forces from the Sunday-school, and give them plans, purposes and activities not connected with the Sunday-school directly. And did this not take a link out of the chain and separate, in some measure, the infants and intermediates from the adults in the Sunday-school, and has not the Sunday-school been weak at this point from this cause ever since our organization? Has not the Sunday-school largely suffered in its purpose to unite the whole church, young and old, in the study of the Word, by this middle link being weakened, etc.? Is it not apparent everywhere now that it is hard to hold our youth beyond a certain age in the Sunday-school, where the Word is systematically taught? It is not hard to enlist them in the Endeavor work, where there is no systematic study required. This may be an unconscious procedure, with the fact and its consequences existing, but ought we be longer blind to the church's best interest? If the Sunday-school awakens to a sense of its diminution of numbers and powers, and sees that the cause emanates not from an adversary, nor a rival, but from a contemporary and an ally, should it not study its conditions, know its needs and make known its claims? If it sees that in acquiring what belongs to its own interest it strengthens its ally and promises its perpetuity, is there need of a stronger argument for its urging its claim?

We appeal to the young, both in the Endeavor Society and Sunday-school—let your light shine! Illuminate the world! Ye are the messengers and torch-bearers of to-day, with superior advantages and facilities to those of our fathers. Theirs was a tedious process. They stumbled along through the masses of heathenism and pagan superstitions, here and there kindling a taper, and awakening tribes and nations. Many of these tapers were extinguished by the migrations of the people; many lights were put out by the red hand of war; many were allowed to flicker in uncertainty until a cruel religion arose, sweeping before it both the light and the taper-bearers. It is not so now. The persistent torch-bearers slowly gained on the darkness and the light-spreading circle widened to encompass all nations, and now, under the wider gospel influence, Christianity flashes its light on all races, and must continue until the uttermost ends of the earth are covered with the knowledge of God and the grace of his Son, Jesus Christ.

Endeavorers, the day and responsibility is ours. Awake to righteousness and sin not.



## The Peace of Two Continents Threatened by a Hog.

By Anne P. Johnston.

It is rarely that the roaming propensities of a prosaic hog have led up to international difficulties and even threatened the peace of two continents. Only once do we find the shadow of his useful but unlovely personality thrown across the pages of our country's history. This unique instance is one of the local traditions of the Northwest, and belongs to that hazy period when the boundary line between British Columbia and Washington Territory was still a mooted question.

The Haro Archipelago, a beautiful group of more than four hundred islands, lying at the entrance of Puget Sound, was at that time claimed by the British Government through the Hudson Bay Company, which was utilizing them for a sheep pasture. Our own Government, with but a vague idea of the importance of her great Northwestern domain, seemed oblivious to the danger from British encroachments. Something must happen to rouse her interest and fix her attention upon her distant territory. And just here, if you please, something *did* happen, through the lawless peregrinations of the swine aforesaid; and this is how it came about:

An American had made a clearing among the forests of San Juan Island, the largest of the group. From the timber on his claim he had built his home and fenced his field. In that delightful climate and fertile soil his corn and potato patch had thrived mightily, and he was looking forward serenely to a bountiful harvest. Imagine, then, his feelings on going out one fine summer morning, to find his hopes crushed as flat as were the cornstalks and potato vines, which the vicious brute was even now rooting up and trampling upon.

For a moment amazement and anger held him dumb as he surveyed his devastated crops; then his tongue was loosened, and he gave free vent to his pent-up feelings.

The intruder, interrupted in his work of ruin, vanished abruptly through a breach which he had made in the rail fence. But he was marked for vengeance, and the next morning his lifeless carcass was found just outside the American's enclosure, whither he had returned on another of his predatory excursions.

The shot that put an end to his existence precipitated a crisis.

The Hudson Bay Company, whose property it was, rose up in their might to crush this audacious Yankee who had the temerity not only to defend his property, but actually to kill one of their stock animals for encroaching on his premises. He was arrested and summoned to appear at Victoria on Vancouver's Island, for trial. Then all his smouldering wrath broke forth. The spirit of Bunker Hill and

'76 blazed in his eyes and leaped from his tongue. He snapped his finger in their astonished faces and defied them to lay a finger upon him, affirming that he was upon American territory and they, not he, were interlopers.

He appealed to the governor of Washington Territory for protection, who in turn laid the matter before General Harney, commander of the Military Department of the Columbia. General Harney at once dispatched a company of infantry to the scene of the dispute. The British Government retaliated by sending a fleet of three war vessels to protect their interests. The officer in command of the American forces was Captain George Pickett, the famous Confederate leader.

The British commander took up a position to broadside the American camp. Soon a boat was lowered, and an officer in scarlet and gold uniform was rowed ashore. He bore a peremptory demand from his commander that the troops of the United States be immediately withdrawn from the territory of her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. Captain Pickett answered that he had not been ordered to surrender the islands, but to defend them; and that he should carry out his instructions to the letter. The war cloud grew darker when General Harney himself arrived with reinforcements, and Briton and Yankee confronted one another in hostile array.

When the news of the threatening situation reached Washington, President Buchanan sent General Scott to take command of the Department of the Pacific, with instructions to avoid hostilities if it could be done without a sacrifice of our national honor. General Scott went from San Francisco to Victoria, where he met the British admiral, who, fortunately, was a man of good sense as well as ability. A compromise on the basis of a mutual occupation of the islands until the boundary question should be permanently disposed of, was agreed upon.

Just at this time the strained political situation between the North and the South, to be followed all too soon by civil war, gave our Government enough business to attend to at home without courting hostilities abroad. Unhappily, it also arrayed in deadly strife against her many of this brave little band of soldiers who were now guarding her farthest outpost, and who would have willingly laid down their lives to defend her honor and her soil from a foreign foe. Conspicuous among these was Pickett, who immortalized himself in his celebrated charge for the Lost Cause at Gettysburg.

During the civil war, and for several years afterward, the burning issue of the boundary question was held in abeyance; and the two hostile forces, isolated from all the rest of the world, fraternized in the most cordial fashion. English Camp, as the spot where the British garrison stood is called to this day, was a fes-



tive place, pleasant with a gracious hospitality and bright with the presence of lovely women, who carried the refinement of their English homes into the rough frontier post.

Many a friendly bout at tennis or croquet was played on the wide lawn stretching in front of the officers' quarters. Though no blood was shed in these spirited engagements, they were not without their spoils of victories or defeats, where wounds were received and given that left their scars deep in the lives of the combatants. Among these, local tradition still holds the memory of a fair young English girl who lost her heart to a dashing lieutenant in Pickett's troop, and nothing but the vigilance of a stern parent, who was commanding officer as well, prevented a romantic elopement.

At last, in 1872, the Government at Washington had time to turn its attention once more to the Northwest, and by mutual agreement both nations submitted the dispute to the German emperor, William II, for arbitration. He decided in favor of the American claims, much to the discomfiture of the British, who confidently expected a decision in their favor.

In 1873 the red standard of St. George was hauled sadly down to stay; the English troops looked their last upon the ever-green forests, the snow-clad mountains, and blue waters of Puget Sound; then they sailed away and left the islands in peaceful possession of the Americans.

The people of San Juan Island have taken pains to preserve the buildings and other appointments at English Camp in the order in which they were left by their occupants, as a souvenir of this interesting episode in our country's history. The officers' quarters, almost overgrown with the ivy carried thither from England, the tennis court and croquet ground, were in a remarkably good state of preservation until three years ago, when a fire took place, which unfortunately badly injured or utterly destroyed the greater part of them. The old block house, however, still stands intact, and is an object of much historical interest to the tourist and curiosity hunter visiting this beautiful region.

#### Crosses for Valor.

At a time when the Victoria Cross is the coveted and possible object of ambition to two hundred thousand of our bravest soldiers, it may be interesting to see how other nations reward deeds of valor performed on the battlefield.

It is a curious fact that three of the world's most valued "crosses for valor" are intrinsically not worth a shilling; although to thousands they are more to be desired than crowns. Two of the three are of bronze of an outside value of threepence; and the third is of iron

embellished with perhaps sixpennyworth of silver.

Of these the oldest is the Prussian and German Iron Cross, which had its origin in the Napoleonic wars. It is, as its name sufficiently indicates, a cross of iron, and is framed in a thin rim of silver. In the upper arm of the cross are the letters "F. W." (in honor of its founder, Frederick William III of Prussia), surmounted by a crown. In the center of the cross are three oak leaves, and at the bottom of its lower arm is the date of its institution, 1813. The cross is suspended by a black ribbon with an edge of white.

But this badge of valor has been awarded with such a lavish hand that its value can not for a moment compare with that of our Victoria Cross. During the Franco-German war alone nearly fifty thousand of these crosses were distributed, or more than a hundred for every Victoria Cross awarded since its institution, a little over forty-four years ago. In many cases it was given to every member of entire regiments, which, according to the terms of its bestowal, had "distinguished itself by bravery in an important battle." The Iron Cross carries with it for a few privileged Grand Cross holders the not extravagant pension of seven pounds ten shillings a year, and for seventy-two others a pension of just a third of this amount.

The United States Médal of Honor has been distributed almost as prodigally, and in some cases to entire regiments. It was instituted in 1862, when two thousand medals were struck "to be awarded to noncommissioned officers and privates for gallantry in action and for soldierlike qualities," and was first won by a young assistant surgeon, Bernard J. Irwin, who gallantly led the troops against the Chiricahua Apaches, and inflicted a severe defeat on them.

The American Medal of Honor is much more elaborate and artistic than its English or German equivalents. It consists of a bronze star with five points, each terminating in a trefoil. In its center, encircled by thirty-four stars (the number of States in 1862), is a figure of America as Minerva, carrying a shield and fasces, and repulsing Discord, a figure holding snakes in each hand. Above the star is a bronze emblem consisting of two cannon, cannon balls, and a sword, surmounted by the American eagle; and the whole depends from a ribbon of stars and stripes.

The French Cross for Valor was established by the great Napoleon in May, 1802; and one of its earliest winners was a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, to whom Napoleon gave the cross from his own breast on the field of Austerlitz. It is of white enamel, mounted on gold or silver, and resting on a wreath of oak and laurel. Its center now bears an effigy of the republic, with the words "Republique



Francaise"; and on the reverse side are two tricolor standards. This cross has, as the world knows, lost much of its value through lavish and indiscriminate distribution to civilians; although it can still only be won in the army and navy by acts of conspicuous valor.

For her brave soldiers Russia has the Cross of St. Vladimir, and Italy her Medal of Merit; while other European nations reward deeds of daring by badges of knightly orders.—[Tid-Bits.

### The Devil a Hard Master.

Sinning is hard work and poor pay. The devil's promises and gifts do not harmonize. It is a good deal harder to serve the devil than it is to serve the Lord, but it is no easy undertaking to make the people believe it. In the Treasury Department at Washington, it is said, there are several counterfeit banknotes, all executed with pen and ink, and experts say it must have cost three months of hard labor to make one of these one-hundred-dollar bills. So this adept toiled at \$33 per month in some garret, feeling the anxieties of a criminal, and then probably sneaked about the streets for weeks seeking an opportunity to pass his bogus note. Such an artist employed in legitimate business could easily earn a salary of \$25 or \$50 per week, and could retain his honor and self-respect as well. How the devil blinds men in regard to what they call success and happiness!

Sin is opposed to every elevating influence in this world. If sin does not degrade every person whom it touches, it is because it is neutralized in its effect by moral and religious influences perpetuated by good men and women. Notice any man who has given himself up to sin, and you will discover that he is having a hard time. All sinners, sooner or later, find out that they are traveling a difficult path. Mr. Clark of Montana has recently discovered that the way of the transgressor is hard. The very place he so much desired to fill, and for which he paid such a large sum of money, he has lost beyond the hope of recovery. He has not only lost his seat in Congress, but he has lost his standing among good men, and is disgraced in the eyes of all the people in every State in the Union. The money he spent in buying a seat in Congress would have been better spent in the cause of missions or for educational purposes. "The way of the transgressor is hard." I suppose that Mr. Neely has also concluded that there is truth in this old text. People are sometimes forced by experience to believe that the Bible is inspired. Arrested in Rochester for postal frauds in Cuba, and allowed liberty on a bail of \$20,000, Neely was evidently not considered secure enough. Accordingly, he was re-arrested, and a bail of \$50,000 was de-

manded. This sum is so high that it is not probable that he can meet it, and so is not likely to be at large again. Instead of living in luxury he is now a prisoner. The devil is a hard lord and a hard paymaster. Neely has not only brought sorrow to his relatives and friends and disgraced himself, but has humiliated the Government of the United States in the eyes of other nations; and our enemies are saying, How much worse did Spain do when she controlled Cuba?

Ex-captain Oberlin M. Carter has also discovered that the way of the transgressor is hard. He was in charge of the government engineering works in Savannah harbor. During the thirteen years he held his appointment the government sent him three million dollars for outlay on the works. When it was discovered that he had not done the work he was paid to do, and that he had poorly executed the work he pretended to do, and that he had allowed the Atlantic Contracting Company to swindle the government, sharing with it the profits thus gained, he was sentenced to be dismissed from the service, was fined \$5,000 and to imprisonment at hard labor for five years. That was a very hard sentence, but it was just. That is the way the devil treats his faithful servants. The devil, under the guise of great liberality, extorts severe conditions; he demands a great price for everything he has to offer. Although he pretended to Captain Carter to make over to him great riches with which he could satisfy every demand, yet it was at no less a price than the loss of character, reputation, position, his own happiness, and the happiness of his relatives and friends.

Satan is the most successful fisherman that ever lived, and can deceive the very elect. He provides savory bait such as sinners love. His suggestions are agreeable to corrupt human nature. Some men work a great deal harder to be villains than they would have to work to be honest, well-respected men. I once read of a man who used to steal all his firewood. He would get up on cold nights, and go sometimes quite a distance and take wood from his neighbor's woodpile. It is said a computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time, and worked harder, to get his fuel than he would have been obliged to do if he had earned it in an honest way and at ordinary wages. The writer once knew a man who removed from his neighbor's wood-pile, between two days, a part of the fuel he used, which he supposed he was getting cheap. The man whose wood was being taken loaded one stick with powder in order to be certain of the thief. A few mornings afterwards a wonderful explosion occurred, and the cook-stove in the house of the church janitor was blown to pieces, the real thief was discovered, and the people were all amused.



It cost more to get a new stove than the wood he got so cheaply was worth. Satan promises his devotees pleasure and profit, but the wages he pays are misery and destruction.

It is sometimes said that it is hard to live the Christian life. It is true the Christian life has its difficulties, but they do not begin to compare with those of the sinner. According to your observation of all the good and bad people whom you know, who has the hardest time? Who gets the most enjoyment out of life—the good or bad man? Who is the most useful to the community, and who will be missed after he goes to his reward? It is nonsense to talk about there being more pleasure in sin than in righteousness. Sin is ruinous from first to last. Any person who rejects Christ, his best friend, and refuses to unite with the Church because he thinks there is more pleasure out of the church than in it has something the matter with his head as well as his heart. If you are searching for real happiness, give your heart to God, and go to work in his vineyard, and you will find it. Nothing that this world has can impart lasting comfort to the soul. That God's frown is upon all unrighteousness is written in the constitution of man. Sin carries with it its own penalty. The soul that is without love to God or its neighbor is possessed by a power that must work out for itself a hell of solitary and bitter suffering.—[Exchange.]

#### Her Vision.

A beautiful monument stands in the cemetery at Stirling, in England, in memory of the Wigtown martyr maidens—Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lachlan—who, in 1677, were drowned in the waters of the Bladnoch because they sought to worship God according to their conscience. The tide is flowing in the Solway Firth, rushing, like a race-horse, with snowy mane, to the shore, occupied now by groups of weeping spectators. They keep their eyes fixed on two objects out on the wet sands. There, two women, each tied fast by her arms and limbs to a stake, stand within the sea-mark; and many an earnest prayer is going up to heaven that the Savior, bending from his throne to the sight, would help them now in their dreadful hour of need. The elder of the two is staked furthest out. Margaret, the young martyr, stands behind, a fair sacrifice, near by the shore. Still, on the big billows come hissing to their naked feet; on, and further on, they come, death riding on the top of the waves, and eyed by those tender women with unflinching courage.

The waters rise and rise till, amid a scream and a cry of horror from the shore, the lessening form of her that had death first to face is lost in the foam of the surging wave. It recedes, but only to return; and the sufferer,

gasping for breath, her death struggle is begun. And now for Margaret's trial, and her noble answer. "What see you yonder?" said her murderers, as, while the waters rose cold on her limbs, they pointed her attention to her fellow-confessor in the suffocating agonies of death. In a response full of the boldest faith, and brightest hope, and divine consolation, she firmly answered, "I see Christ suffering in one of his own members." And presently, sustained by this wonderful faith, she herself expired.—[Christian Budget.]

#### The Joy of Giving.

The late William E. Dodge once told a friend of the interest which, as a small boy, he had taken in the Cornwall Mission School. Taking another boy into partnership, and obtaining from his father the use of a small piece of land, he planted it with potatoes, the avails of which should be given for the support of the Hawaiian and Indian boys who were to be missionaries to their people. It was a low-lying patch of ground, and the little fellows had a hard task in subduing the grass and weeds. But it was a dry season, and, while this little field produced a splendid crop, the general product on upland farms was scanty, and the boys realized a good price. "Never have I seen a prouder day," said Mr. Dodge, "than when, whip in hand, I walked beside an ox cart and drove those potatoes to market. And it was there," added the distinguished merchant prince, "that I learned the joy of giving for the cause of Christ."

Speaking of the movement of 400 Mormons from Utah to the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming, Charles Kingston, one of the leaders, in a recent interview said: "The Mormons who are migrating to Wyoming are not poor people. There is not a member of the new colony who has less than \$1,000, and many are worth much more. They represent the best class of Mormons. They will prove, as their fathers have, great colonizers. Frugal, of exemplary habits and good morals, they will, I feel sure, convert the Big Basin into one of the garden spots of America. We have 200 scrapers at Fort Bridger, ready to begin work on the great irrigation ditch. This will be thirty miles long, twenty-five feet wide at the top, fifteen feet at the bottom, with a depth of five feet. When finished it will irrigate 20,000 acres of land. It will cost about \$40,000. Although our present contract with Wyoming includes only 20,000 acres of land, it is our desire to obtain a great deal more. On the north bank of the Shoshone is a vast table land of about 100,000 acres. We hope to irrigate and develop this land, too. The Burlington railroad is now building an extension into the Big Horn Basin from Toluca, Mont."



## Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President .....	Mrs. H. E. Jewett
	2511 Benvenue Avenue, Berkeley.
Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge
	1275 Sixth Avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. C. B. Bradley
	2639 Durant Avenue, Berkeley.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox
	576 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Young Ladies' Branch
	Miss Grace Goodhue, 1722 Geary Street.

Mrs. Baldwin of Brousa, Turkey, in sending thanks for a scholarship provided for her school by friends in Los Angeles, explains somewhat concerning their method of using such funds, and says: "We are so near the close of a school year that it seems a little difficult to immediately select a certain girl, for there are always changes in the long vacations; so that if they will allow us to do as we have done all these years, use it for two or more girls who are in need, or wait until September, when we can choose a girl, we shall be very thankful.

"Our school is in the city, where expenses are naturally much greater than in the villages from where our boarders come, so that the little which the parents can pay has to be supplemented from our scholarships. You will understand from this that always, when it is possible, we wish the parents to do something. I can not enter the broad question of self-support now; but this we have found, after thirty-three years' experience, to be the best way. We have but one boarding pupil who is entirely supported (excepting her clothing and traveling expenses), and we expect to graduate her this year. Her father, noble Christian man, with very little of worldly goods, has conducted religious services in his village ever since the death of the preacher some years ago—and that, too, most acceptably, without any remuneration; so that when he wished to send his daughter to our school, after learning all she could in the village school, we had no heart to ask him to pay for her board and tuition. From the city we seldom take boarders, unless they live too far from the school to come as day-pupils; so that when parents are willing to deprive themselves of what these girls earn in order that they may come to school, we are willing to remit tuition, or take them for a mere nominal sum. So, as our teachers must be paid, and we have not sufficient appropriations for this, we use some of our scholarship money in this way; and we have found the plan to give satisfaction at home, and it works exceedingly well here. We are trying to make the funds placed at our disposal do the most possible good to the greatest number of deserving ones, and friends are surprised that we can do so much.

"Of course, you know at home just how much money is sent, and we can tell you how many and what pupils we have."

\* \* \*

Miss Mary L. Marden of Claremont accepts the position of instructor in mathematics in the A. M. A. Institute, Thomasville, Georgia. Miss Marden has had a strong influence for good during her residence in Southern California. As Superintendent of the Young People's Department of the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board, she has done much for the interest and success of the work. The Christian holiday campaign, under her charge, shows something of her energy and planning. With a band of the Mission Study Class of Pomona College, as many audiences of young people and others were reached as possible during the eight days' vacation. On the last night of the year a missionary program arranged by her was carried out simultaneously in many other young people's societies. She has willingly given of her time to visit and speak on many other occasions also. Being the daughter of missionaries, a native of Marash, Turkey, the foreign work is very near to her heart. Her services in Southern California will be very much missed.

\* \* \*

During these days of waiting for trustworthy news of the fate of our missionaries in China, what a blessed thought it is that we may safely trust them to the care of a powerful and watchful God! Were it not for that, the waiting would be almost unbearable to the friends of those who are in peril of their lives. In answer to a cablegram, the American Board has received assurances of the escape of some of the missionaries from the country, while others were said to have sought refuge in Peking. Among the latter were Rev. and Mrs. Arthur H. Smith, so well known on this Coast; also the Misses Wyckoff, who made many friends here on their way out. So far, there seems to be no information that any of these missionaries are not alive.

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. To-morrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, and with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.—[Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The increase of knowledge includes the increase of sorrow; but the knowledge of the depth of sorrow is the gate of a divine joy.—[Stopford A. Brooke.



## The Sunday-School.

Notes by Rev. Burton A. Palmer.

### Jesus and the Children (Matt. xviii: 1-14).

LESSON VI. August 5, 1900.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven" (Mark x: 14).

#### Introduction.

Parallel Passages: Mark ix: 33-50; Luke ix: 46-48.

Time: Autumn, A. D. 29.

Place: Capernaum.

Connection: Our last lesson was on the Transfiguration. Coming down from that glorious scene on the mountain, the three disciples heard Jesus identify John the Baptist with the prophet that "must first come." At the foot of the mountain the other disciples were found, baffled in their efforts to cure the epileptic boy, and Jesus cured him, giving special lessons to the anxious father on the need of faith, and to the disciples on the need of prayer. Re-entering Galilee, as unobserved as might be, Jesus gave another prophecy of his death and resurrection, still more than six months distant. At Capernaum, the tax-collectors approached Peter, in whose home, perhaps, the Savior was staying, hinting that Jesus should pay the temple tax, and when Jesus heard of it he provided the tax-money for both Peter and himself by the miracle, sending the old fisherman to catch a fish with money in its mouth.

#### Lesson Notes.

V. 1. "In that hour." Perhaps literally in that hour when Jesus practically paid Peter's taxes together with his own. Was Peter "then" to be a favorite when Jesus should organize "the kingdom"? seems to be implied in the disciples' other question. But Mark's record suggests that they did not ask the question of Jesus until he, knowing their "reasoning" drew them out.

V. 2. "A little child." Small enough for Jesus to hold "in his arms" "in the midst" of the disciple group (Mark ix: 36), and too young, probably, to understand what was said.

V. 3. "Except ye turn." They must turn about in their character, for they were not even facing toward humility. They would have been strange exceptions in their time if they were, for the Jewish leaders were not teaching humility; the Romans had no word that meant that; and the Greek word usually meant *meanness* rather than *humility*, until it came to be used in Christian writings with the better sense. "In no wise enter into the kingdom. As Nicodemus could not even "see into the kingdom" until he was born anew, so they could not really "enter" it until the sin of self-seeking was undone and they began over with the humility of a little child.

V. 4. This verse will always seem like a paradox to the man of the world, and even the man in the kingdom will always have need to "take heed lest he fall" when he thinks he is rising. The absolute truth of Christ's statement is best shown in the life of Christ himself, whom God has the most "highly exalted," because he "emptied himself" and "humbled himself" and became "obedient" most fully.

V. 5. This is the motive that prompted the first orphan asylums and foundling homes and children's hospitals. If some of these are now conducted in the name rather of general philanthropy, let us remember that this level is reached in Christian nations only, where they have received little children in His name so long that they have come to do it now as a matter of course. In heathen lands it is still done chiefly by missions in His name.

V. 6. "Offend." The Revised Version is better—"cause to stumble." "A great mill-stone." The correct phrase is "a mill-stone turned by an ass"; this would designate the larger mill-stones used, and imply more surely the drowning of whoever was "sunk" (R. V.) by it. Doubtless, the disciples had heard of this mode of execution, which was certainly made use of within the Empire, if not in the provinces of Palestine.

V. 7. Perhaps the little child still nestled in Jesus' arms, but the discussion now reached out to embrace other offences or causes of stumbling. Still, when, as in the 10th verse and in the 14th, he spake again of the "little ones" in the kingdom, the little one in his arms must have made it a memorable lesson.

Vs. 8 and 9. Without pressing these illustrations of the hand and foot and the eye in a material way, we surely have the teaching that entrance "into life" is worthy of higher consideration than the sweetest thing on earth. The Sunday-school class should not allow this lesson to escape them, whatever else they notice in these verses.

V. 10. "Despise not one of these little ones." Many of our churches ought still to take this lesson to themselves; for they do not yet herald with as great delight a child's entrance into the kingdom as they do that of some hardened, aged sinner. They should; it generally means more. "Their angels." The historic interpretation of this makes it mean guardian angels (cf. Ps. xxxiv: 7; Heb. i: 14). An ancient Rabbinic writing said that six hundred thousand angels, "one for each Israelite," stood on Mount Sinai at the giving of the Law. The belief that each life had its guardian angel was common. But if some of us lean toward the belief that the souls of those who had died are meant by the phrase "their angels," it might be difficult to disprove that idea.

V. 11. We miss this verse from the Revised Version as the revisers found it absent from



two of the oldest manuscripts and many of the later ones. We need not regret it much, however, for we still have it, word for word, admitted as spoken by Jesus on the other occasion (cf. Luke xix: 10). Whether Jesus repeated the statement here or not, he certainly told men at another time that he came "to save that which was lost."

Vs. 12, 13. This beautiful little parable of the one-hundredth sheep is almost but not quite identical with the one that Luke reports (xv: 4-7), which was spoken on another occasion. Christ sometimes used some one illustration in two or more connections, bringing it to bear with a shade of difference in meaning. Those who heard Mr. D. L. Moody frequently and in different places will remember his similar habit. For instance, we remember his story of the father receiving the friend of his dead soldier boy; he told this sometimes to illustrate God's love, and sometimes to illustrate the intercession of Jesus. In October's lessons we shall have before us this parable, as applied to publicans. We suggest that classes should memorize these two verses now and repeat them from time to time between now and October, and compare the two passages then.

V. 14. Whether "little ones" in this verse still means little children, or means, as in Luke's version it evidently does, weak and sinful characters, it is still true—it is not the will of the Father that they should perish. But there is this difference—the infant is wholly in the Father's hands for him to carry out his "good pleasure"; the adult life may spurn the Shepherd that seeks him and be of those who "would not come" unto him.

#### Reflections.

Even lives that are walking with Jesus may be tempted to jealousy or selfish ambition.

Nothing can compensate for the failure to "enter into life."

A child in the kingdom is greater than a giant outside:

#### Wanted God to Hear Both Sides.

The family were at their devotions the other morning in the home of a West End clergyman. Master six-year-old thought his papa's prayer was rather long when breakfast was waiting, and he undertook to beat a quiet retreat to the kitchen. Suddenly there was a crash, and a table, with its contents, fell to the floor, with the young deserter from the family altar beneath it. Prayers were interrupted temporarily, and when they were resumed the father prayed for the naughty boy. A short time later the lad's mamma found him in a closet upstairs. He was sobbing bitterly.

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed indignantly, "papa tells God of all the bad things I do, but never tells him a word about the good that's in me."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

### The Evil of Envy. (Luke xv: 25-32).

Topic for August 5th.

Envy is like a flea, hard to catch and difficult to kill. After seeing its facility of revival under the most discouraging conditions, one is inclined to wonder whether a flea ever does die. A good rap will dispose of any mosquito. A thorough clean-up will repulse the attack of many other pests. But a flea—what can be done with him? Envy is the flea among human sins. It is difficult for most people to discover it in themselves and name it. And yet it is one of the commonest evils among men. It is one of the last to be conquered after a person has become a Christian. It burrows and hides and crawls around in the soul until suddenly, all unannounced, it stings and cuts and poisons.

\* \* \*

What is envy? We all recognize the name and hate it. We know it is a dreadful monster and we are instantly ready to repudiate it. But exactly what is it? It is an inward irritation we feel over the success of some other one in matters where we have failed, or in which we desire to be pre-eminent. It is the feeling of disturbance that another has secured what we ought to have, or, at least, ought to have in a greater degree than he. It is the uneasy consciousness that the sunlight in another's life somehow throws us into the shadow.

Please be careful to locate the evil. It is in the irritating effect of another's success. Its development, its hold upon our life and its products as seen in our words and actions, are what this envy can and will do in us, unless it is successfully handled at the very beginning.

\* \* \*

It is here that this evil must be recognized and named. When another's success or praise or elevation produces in us a personal uneasiness that what they have is not ours, that is the instant to discover that this moral flea is boring into and inflaming our soul. We must say to ourselves: "This is envy. This is that hateful, peace-destroying and pride-strengthening monster, envy!" It is at this stage, too, that the battle is to be fought in killing this evil. For envy is a rapid and prolific incubator. It hatches almost instantly a numerous brood of rankling thoughts of dislike, criticism, sneers, hate and harm. If there were nothing else resulting, these are enough to sow one's life with unhappiness and send away from the soul the very Spirit of God.

\* \* \*

But this is not all. From these unhallowed thoughts come the burning words, the disparaging hints, depreciating comments, if not at



last, slanders and falsehoods. If allowed to grow thus far—if envy is given its life and sway in the heart until thoughts burn and words shoot forth their venom—its permanent life in the soul is secured. It hides for a time only to re-appear again to do its deadly work. Much less can the battle be successfully waged against this evil if these hot words of hate crystallize into action. We can not treat the man we envy as a brother. Our bow to him is the nod of a man insincere; our smile is the smile of a hypocrite; and our greetings fall little short of being falsehoods. Thus, for the time, envy holds the man in its iron grasp. For the instant envy is the man. It is too late now to locate the evil, to awaken to the fact that one is envious.

\* \* \*

Envy must be killed early. Quick recognition must be given when these thrills of uneasiness rise in one's soul. Instant battle must be given and the foul evil driven out of the heart; or else what enters our being as an insect may live there at last as a giant fiend. The world's first tragedy—the typical murder of all vengeful slaying—was the progeny of envy. Its power is terrific. Its sly and deadly work is impossible to trace. There is no human officer who can be sent to arrest it, and no human court can administer justice for those who suffer from it. If given play, it stalks abroad unhindered to burn and to destroy the souls of its victims.

\* \* \*

To kill envy, it must not only be met early, but it must have what physicians call heroic treatment. There are some evils in human life that, from their first discovery, must receive the combative force of our whole being. No soft reflections are timely. Envy will not wither under jelly-fish, moral palaver. It is not moved by pink-tinged persuasions, any more than the hawk is deterred from his prey by the cooing of a dove. This may account for envy having such widespread activity among Christian people. We have not recognized it as the spirit of murder. We have reckoned it as among the unattractive, disagreeable, unlovable traits, to be deluged out of existence by a swish of the higher graces. Hence, it stays, making hearts sore, lives sad, and keeping us apart from one another who ought to be one, even as Jesus and the Father are one. Kill it. Say to yourself, at its first movement in the heart, "This is Cain; this is evil in its dangerous, deceptive and deadly form." Bring to bear upon it all the power of prayer, all the moral force of your character, all the aid of a holy purpose and all the determination of a will invigorated by the will of God. Kill it, or it will kill your comfort, your value to men, and your prospects, if not your entire spiritual being!

### "Out of a Job."

Mr. Ingalls, the irrepressible ex-Senator from Kansas, once spoke of himself as "a statesman out of a job." The term is of wider application than the peculiar occupation of an obsolete politician. There are other statesmen, so-called, in different spheres, whose out-of-job propensities are more conspicuous than agreeable. Much of the unrest and disastrous worriment that has come to our church some think may possibly be traced to this very source. Given a speculative theological professor on one side and an out-of-job minister on the other, and one has all the elements necessary to produce a denominational explosion. The heterodoxy of the one and the orthodoxy of the other combine to produce an ecclesiastical Vesuvius. The New York Presbytery affords a striking example of this fact. There seems to be no contention whatever among the great body of pastors. They go about their daily work untouched by the theories of theological dreamers, and conscious of some higher duty than making martyrs out of otherwise obscure theorists. At their recent Presbyterian meeting these pastors prayed for peace, while certain others with jobs of a certain kind were anxious for war. In the reports, as published, the main opposition came from parties whose relations to the Presbyterian ministry are purely nominal. Their energies and lives are given to causes that belong to all denominations and to none. When one leaves the active Presbyterian ministry, and devotes himself to collecting money for societies that have no connection with our church, not even of the remotest character, it would seem that his sense of propriety ought to suggest, if not silence, at least a degree of reserve in the discussion of important matters before the Presbytery. It is questionable whether an agent for a publishing concern or a tract house—that is supported by all churches—has any more right to intrude himself upon the judiciary of the Presbyterian Church than he has upon that of the Methodist Episcopal, or any other. His Presbyterian connection is a gracious privilege that simply promotes his own personal standing, with no benefit to his denomination in return. In other countries these brethren would have had no voice in the deliberations of the Presbytery. That law is one of the possible reforms that our Church may yet be called upon to adopt. Whether a book agent should come in from the streets and endeavor to force a disturbance upon the work of an earnest, hard-working pastor, is a question for consideration. The prosperity of any church, so far as human instrumentalities are concerned, depends largely upon the pastors. Their wishes ought to be the first to be considered. Whatever cripples them in their work is an injury to the Church and the world.—[Presbyterian Journal, Philadelphia.]



## Home Circle.

### The Bravest Battle.

The bravest battle ever fought !  
Shall I tell you where and when ?  
On the maps of the world you will find it  
not ;

'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon, or battle-shot,  
With sword, or noble pen ;  
Nay, not with eloquent word, or thought,  
From the mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—  
Of woman that would not yield,  
But bravely, silently bore her part—  
Lo ! there is the battle-field !

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song ;  
No banners to gleam and wave !  
But oh ! these battles they last so long—  
From babyhood to the grave !

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,  
She fights in her walled up town—  
Fights on and on, in the endless wars,  
Then silent, unseen—goes down !

O ye with banners and battle-shot,  
And soldiers to shout and praise,  
I tell you the kingliest victories fought  
Are fought in these silent ways !

Oh ! spotless woman in a world of shame,  
With a splendid and silent scorn,  
Go back to God, as white as you came,  
The kingliest warrior born !

—Joaquin Miller.

### Young Children as Christians.

This question is considered by the Rev. Charles Benedict in an able manner in the New York Christian Advocate. Believing that his article will do much good wherever read, we give it place in the Home Department of The Pacific. It was in part as follows :

Child life has not received the study which so interesting and profitable and vitally important a subject deserves ; consequently not until the present generation have the possibilities and needs of childhood been understood. But now we have entered upon an era in which the rights of children are being recognized, the duties and responsibilities of parents better understood, and the possibilities resulting from this recognition and understanding are becoming more and more manifest.

Many parents seem to consider that by feeding and clothing and providing with a rudimentary education the children of their household their duties to their offspring have been discharged. Food and shelter and raiment are important factors in life, and to these every creature born into the world is entitled. But to consider these as all-important, and to neglect the supreme need of life while attending to the nonessentials is a grievous error ; for truly "the life is more than meat, and the body is more than raiment."

Nothing in the period of childhood is of

greater importance, and at the same time more neglected than the training which develops the spiritual nature of the child. Even among Christian parents the tendency to neglect this important duty is manifested to a surprising degree. While they desire for their children Christian characters and pray that they may be devoted to God and his service, yet they apparently expect their prayers to be answered sometime in the future, after the little ones have passed from childhood to youth, and from youth to maturity, spending the intervening years in Satan's service. The "wise man" said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." I take this to be literally true. May not such exceptions to this rule as are frequently noted be only seeming rather than real ? Is it not true that parents are more apt to be mistaken in their ideas as to what constitutes Christian training, than children to depart from the right way when once their footsteps have been properly directed therein ?

Too often we err in thinking the severe and rigid observance of certain set forms, the daily reading of a portion of Scripture and gathering about the family altar, the only method of training the young in the way they should go.

Some well-meaning and God-fearing parents have actually driven their loved ones away from Christ by keeping them under such unnatural restraint and in such an atmosphere of morbid sanctimoniousness at home that the first breath from the outer world has swept away from the mooring of home influence, and oftentimes beyond their depth in the maelstrom of sinful indulgence.

The home, above all things else, should be a training school in which the young are taught from the first lesson in the nursery the one lesson needful to be learned in life—the lesson of love.

Here the mother's opportunity is supreme. Here, even in the humblest cottage, by the poorest fireside, great characters may be formed if molded by the influence of a truly devout and Christlike example. Let the mother begin with the child as soon as it understands anything at all, and impress upon its young life the lesson of love ; let this be the governing power, the living principle, the very atmosphere in which its infancy is spent, and the foundations of a Christian character will have been laid.

Then, with the unfolding of the tender bud of promise, let the mother, with that patience and tenderness possible only to a true Christian spirit, train the young plant gently, carefully, day by day, in the atmosphere of Christian purity, and the little life will just so surely give out fragrance and beauty and virtue as it has absorbed these from its surroundings.

The question is often asked, "Is it possible



for a child to grow up under such conditions and go through life without falling away into sin?" This question implies another, "Is it not necessary for every one to taste the forbidden fruit and indulge the pleasures of sin for a season before entering into life?" To this latter inquiry I would answer most emphatically, No! It is not necessary that our children should stray away into paths of evil, or become tainted with vice by indulging sinful desires, or become scarred and marred by Satan's shafts before turning to Christ. And to the first inquiry I would say with gladness, Yes! it is possible for a child properly trained to grow into manhood or womanhood free from the taint of willful sin, pure and noble and true, a fit vessel for the Master's use. But before this is possible the child must at some point come in contact with Jesus Christ, and must have that vital relation to him which results from the divine implanting of the germ of eternal life within the soul.

And the fact which should inspire in every mother's heart a new and blessed hope is that any child thus trained, nourished, and fostered in an atmosphere of Christian love, if properly directed during the innocency of its childhood's career, will turn as naturally to Jesus and bestow upon him the wealth of its tender heart's affection as the beautiful lily in its garden bed turns its petals and lifts its graceful form toward the sun.

Emma Graves Dietrick relates a touching incident which perfectly illustrates this truth: "A Christian mother, when her first-born babe was laid in her arms, reverently said, 'This is God's boy and mine.' A partnership was formed between God and the mother for the training and teaching of the child. The mother resolved that her boy should never know when first he heard a prayer or heard of Jesus' love. So every night, after the little one had been made ready for bed, the mother would kneel down and, taking both tiny palms in one of hers, would gently place her other hand over baby's eyes and ask in simple, audible words that the dear Lord who loved children would keep and bless her boy and help him to be good and true. By and by, when baby was strong enough to sit up, the mother would have him sit on the edge of the bed and lean his cheek against hers; but always one hand covered his eyes, while the other held his.

"There came a time when the little frame was racked with agony. Mother and doctor and friends were seeking to save a little life. Not old enough to talk, he could not tell his pain, but after awhile rest came and the doctor said, 'I think the worst is over; and if baby will go to sleep, nature will do the rest. But the little eyes kept opening with a restless look, and the hands reaching out, and mamma stooped over and said, 'What does my darling want?' Instantly two tiny palms were put

in hers and, moving his head toward mother's cheek, the eyes closed. A moment of silence followed, for the mother thought she could not pray with the doctor there. The blue eyes opened, the little hands nestled closer into hers, and the eager coo of the sweet baby voice broke the silence. 'He wants something; do you know what it is?' asked the doctor. And the mother, remembering the partnership with God, knelt down and prayed the simple, brief sentences, and baby slept. With moistened eyes the doctor said, as he laid his hand upon the mother's bowed head, 'I wish every child could grow up that way.'"

Do you say it was only a habit, and had no reverent meaning for the child? True, but the boy grew into the habit of prayer, and the mother and son were forever bound together by a cord of love that extended that partnership till "God and me," as the boy put it, were working together.

Mothers, 'tis a blessed thing to be partners with God in the training of your children. O that all who are intrusted with the sacred responsibility of motherhood might learn this truth, and with untiring zeal and patience, born of an intense love for Christ, spend their lives implanting within hearts young and tender germs of love for him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven!"

### Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius.

"Think nothing for your interest which makes you break your word, quit your modesty, hate, suspect, or curse any person, or incline you to any practice which will not bear the light and look the world in the face."

"Do not suppose you are hurt, and your complaint ceases; cease your complaint and you are not hurt."

"Do not act as if you had ten thousand years to throw away. Death stands at your elbow. Be good for something while you live, and while it is in your power."

"Always go the shortest way to work. Let it be your constant method to be sound in word and deed, and by this means you need not grow fatigued; you need not quarrel, flourish, and dissemble like other people."

"The best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury."

"Wit at the expense of reverence, sarcasm at the expense of charity, coarseness at the expense of purity, entertainment at the expense of honesty and truth, are dangers we cannot be too closely guarded against. Our characters take color from our thoughts and feelings."

When things work and change, in spite of us, we may know it is the Lord working.—  
[Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.]



## Our Boys and Girls.

### Faith in the Boy.

Have faith in the boy, not believing  
That he is the worst of his kind,  
In league with the army of Satan,  
And only to evil inclined;  
But daily to guide and control him,  
Your wisdom and patience employ,  
And daily, despite disappointment  
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment  
In life's strangely checkered career,  
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,  
The prodigal son will appear;  
The gold in his nature rejecting  
The dark and debasing alloy,  
Illumining your spirits with gladness,  
Because you have faith in the boy.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing,  
We may not divert from its course,  
Until the wild, turbulent spirit  
Has somewhat expended its force;  
The brook is the life of the river,  
And if we the future might scan,  
We'd find that a boisterous boyhood  
Gave vigor and life to the man.

Have faith in his good resolutions  
Believe that at last he'll prevail,  
Though now he's forgetful and heedless,  
Though day after day he may fail,  
Your doubts and suspicious misgivings  
His hope and his courage destroy;  
So, if you'd secure a brave manhood,  
'Tis well to have faith in the boy.

—*Elmira Facts.*

### Nellie's Mud Pies.

By Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.

"Can one play as unto the Lord?" asked a little girl one day of her mother.

"I don't understand you, my child," was the reply.

"The Bible says, 'Whatever you do, do it heartily as unto the Lord.' That was my verse this morning, and I was thinking it would be so nice if we could play as unto the Lord."

"You can, my dear. Watch for opportunities and see."

With a hop, skip and jump Bessie went back to her play, to a pile of boards which some carpenters had left.

There were a number of boys and girls all busy at play, making mud pies and cakes, and laying them out in long rows.

Bessie's looked like sugar-frosted cakes, for she had sprinkled over the top some of her mother's white scouring sand.

They were very pretty, a little girl thought, as she stood back in the distance viewing the proceedings.

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well," thought Bessie to herself. "It pleases God to have things look nice, and I'll do it as unto him." Then, as she was removing her pies from an under pile of boards which she called her oven, and setting them all

out straight to cool, she beheld the little girl. "What are you looking at?" she asked, a little rudely, perhaps.

"I was thinking I would like to have one of the cakes if they were only real," replied the little girl.

"Are you hungry?" asked Bessie.

"Awfully," replied the little girl, with a deep-drawn sigh. "Don't you think you'd be if you had had nothing to eat since last night?"

"For pity's sake!" exclaimed Bessie, "why, I'll run over home and bring you some cakes," and away she went, but soon returned with two ginger cakes.

The girl took them eagerly and then turned and ran.

"O my!" exclaimed Bessie. "I never saw anybody so hungry. I wonder who she is, anyway?"

"A poor little girl who lives in a garret with her sick mother," spoke up little Alice Bates.

"Do you know her?" asked Bessie.

"No, indeed; my mamma wouldn't let me 'shociate' with the likes of her," retorted Alice, shaking her curly head.

"Is she bad?"

"Not as I knows. She's just awful poor."

"You should say 'very poor,'" corrected Bessie.

"Yes, very poor, and 'awful' poor, too, 'cause it's just 'awful' to be so poor!"

"Then it's our place to do something for her," said Bessie. "Oh, say, let's play store, sell our pies and cakes, and give the money to the poor little girl—that would be playing as unto the Lord."

"I'd like to know who'd buy them?" sneered Alice.

"Why, I'll buy a dozen of your cakes and give you ten cents for them if you'll buy a dozen of mine. I've got lots of money home, most a dollar, I guess."

"Ho! I've got most two dollars. I can buy two dozen cakes if I want to. Say, let's have a fair. Don't you think it'd be nicer?"

"Heaps," answered Bessie, clapping her hands. "Let's put up a sign, 'Fair here this afternoon; 'Perceeds' for poor family who is starvin.'"

"Yes, that'll do. Won't it be lots of fun?" and soon a great bit of pasteboard was tacked on the back fence, which greatly excited children in the neighborhood.

Some "pooh-hooed" when they found they were expected to buy mud cakes and pies, but Bessie explained, and nearly all entered into the play!

When night came there was so much money that Bessie declared she couldn't count it, and called her big brother to help.

How delighted the children were when they found they had taken two dollars and seventy-one cents! After supper a dozen little girls.

went to the garret and left all the money for the poor woman. Poor thing, she was so glad that she laughed and cried both, and said that but for them she and her little girl would have been turned out in the street for rent.

The children told their parents all this tale of sadness, and after that the poor sick lady was looked after until she recovered her health, and was earning her own living again.—[Christian Work.]

### A Hero in Homespun.

The boy who succeeds wins his laurels because he ignores the distracting things in his path, and consecrates all his energies and abilities upon one thing. Every boy has enough in him to do wonderful things if he can keep to one purpose.

"Try to come home somebody," said Leon Gambetta's mother, when she kissed him good-bye. The little hero in homespun garments was going to Paris, with his mother's small savings, and a great determination. He was to be a lawyer; that hope was his constant companion—it was his bed-fellow. His poorly furnished garret was only an incident; it did not change his singleness of aim. Other attractions called to him, but above all the voices there was one that commanded, "Be a lawyer." He heeded only it. Then came a day when his determinate purpose was to be rewarded. Jules Favre was to make a speech, but when the evening arrived sickness prevented, and he asked young Gambetta. Gambetta's time had come. A sentence in his speech took the people. "The will of the people can never change might into right." It marked him as a leader. The story illustrates what bunching all the energies, and time, and talents together, and making them work out one plan, persistently, will accomplish.

At some time in every boy's life a beautiful vision comes of what is possible to him. A temple high upon a hill; and voices seem to call to him to try and reach the temple. So he begins. The road to anything high is rough; sometimes the prize seems too high; deviating paths open, the climber tries these side-paths often. To-day the boy would study law, it grows tiresome; then, medicine is the prize—it taxes the strength too much; then electrical engineering. So the rough road to the temple is left. There is a little flower that always lifts its leaves to the clouds; if rains and snows lay it low, it is only for a time; relieved of its weight, it points upward again. There is a determination like that. Boys that win are boys that set their hopes high and hold on.

America has had her lads in homespun, who have done great things, not because they were the children of fortune or were great in special genius, but because their motives being

high, they held on, one purpose possessing them. They were not driven by feeling or whims, but by noble principles.

Martin Luther had one purpose, and he held on till he made the foundations of the Eternal City shake. Mohammed was not a genius, but he held to his purpose till all Arabia was moved. Paul gave boys a glorious motto, that might be called the "one thing" creed, when he wrote the words: "This one thing I do." Dungeons, councils, and stripes could not keep him from his prize. Let the boy press on to his temple on the hill. If the way is steep, it means the prize is high. If the winds are contrary, it makes muscle. Hold on.—[Religious Herald.]

### The Penny and the King.

A Fable.

A bright, new penny lay in the dust by the roadside, where it had been dropped by a passer-by. As it lay looking up at the sun it heard a courier cry, "The King comes this way," as he galloped swiftly past. "The King!" exclaimed the penny, "then I will brush the dust off my face and shine my brightest, so that his majesty may see me and pick me up." Poor penny; the King only glanced at the bright spot in the dust and, seeing it was but a penny, rode on in state, with never another thought for the coin. And the penny grieved in its heart.

By and by a footsore traveler came that way. He was weary and hungry, for he had walked many miles that day and had eaten nothing since early morning. But he saw the penny and quickly took it up and hurried with it in his hand into the city. Into a baker's shop he sped and the penny was soon exchanged for a stout wheaten loaf. As the little coin dropped into the baker's till it heard the traveler say, "That penny has given me my supper, for it was all I had, and had I not found it I should have had to beg." Then the penny felt glad that the King had passed it by, for it found much more pleasure in relieving a real want than the company of all the kings of the earth could have given it.

A young man named Sweet engaged to marry a young woman named Lowe. A few Sundays previous to their wedding the happy couple attended church together; and, as they walked down the aisle, the choir began singing the song, "Sweet and Low," entirely unconscious of the musical pun that was being perpetrated. "And all this happened in a city in Michigan," says the Choir Journal.

We are taught that for nations and for persons the only way of being really well-to-do is to do really well! Much *goods* may sink us, unless there is much *goodness*.—[R. L. Carpenter.]



## Church News.

### Northern California.

Little Shasta.—Rev. G. M. Dexter has tendered his resignation to take effect September 9th, and expects to make his home in Berkeley.

San Mateo.—At a meeting of the church held Sunday a unanimous call to the pastorate was extended to Rev. William D. Kidd, who has been supplying the pulpit during the last month. Mr. Kidd accepted and will commence work at once.

San Francisco Third.—The pastor, Rev. Wm. Rader, preached on "The Repose of Jesus" last Sunday morning. In the evening he discussed the problems of pleasure before a congregation which crowded the room. A number of new members will be admitted at the next sacramental service. Rev. Alfred Bayley supplied the pulpit of the Third church with great acceptance during the long vacation of the pastor.

San Francisco Richmond.—The Rev. F. Vernon Jones of Reno preached very acceptably for Pastor Philip Coombe on Sunday. His sermons on "The Good Which God Sees in Men" and "The Present Blessing" were very interesting and encouraging. Brother Jones was called home on Monday to officiate at the funeral of Prof. C. P. Brown, one of the most prominent officers of his church and one of the professors in the Nevada State University. The funeral services of Miss Minnie McCaw were held in Richmond church last Sunday at one o'clock. She had been a most worthy member of this church over two years, having united on April 3, 1898, with five other members of the same family. The presence of a congregation which filled the church manifested the appreciation by the church and community of her Christian character as set forth by her pastor in his address.

### Notes and Personals.

The ladies of the Rocklin church netted \$41 from a Fourth of July dinner.

The parsonage at Rio Vista was omitted from the list given in The Pacific last week.

Rev. George B. Hatch of the First church, Berkeley, has returned from his trip abroad.

Union Sunday evening services are being held at Bakersfield and also at Sonoma for the summer.

The Rev. Francis Lawson has gone to McCook, Nebraska, intending to make his home with relations at that place.

Rev. C. P. Dorland of Los Angeles will speak at the next meeting of the Congrega-

tional ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

Dr. Norton of San Diego is giving a series of Sunday evening addresses on "Great Men." He has spoken concerning Martin Luther and John Wesley.

The Congregational ministers in Southern California having the two longest pastorates are the Rev. Dr. Frary of Pomona and the Rev. Henry Staats of the North church, Pasadena. July 15th Mr. Staats entered on his thirteenth year with the Pasadena church. Dr. Frary began his thirteenth year a few months ago.

The editor of The Pacific has been giving considerable attention to the business matters of the paper during the last week, and has had, in an editorial capacity, the assistance of the Rev. F. B. Perkins of Oakland. Mr. Perkins will render such assistance for some weeks, while the editor will go out among the churches occasionally in an effort to put the paper into more homes. Our readers are not unacquainted with this brother as a writer. The editorial in the last issue on "The Kingdom of God and Man" was from his pen, and two weeks before that he kindly came to the relief of the overworked writer and furnished the editorials on "The Kingdom of God Coming Near" and "The Land of the Free." His work last November merits recognition also in this connection.

### The Inland Empire Letter.

By Iorwerth.

Many of the brethren are out on their vacation. Rev. F. C. Krause of Hillyard has just returned home from a ten days' vacation. He and his family, with a number of the young people, had a splendid time on the shores of Hayden Lake. During their absence the exterior of the church and parsonage was painted. The News, the monthly paper published by Mr. Krause, is a bright and newsy sheet, and is in every way a success.

Rev. Edmund Owens of Springdale is spending his vacation with his parents at Davenport.

Dr. Wallace of the Westminster church, with his family, are camping on the shores of Liberty Lake, twelve miles east of Spokane. He occupies his pulpit on Sunday mornings, and is now preaching a series of sermons on "The Messages of Nature"—mountain, ocean, etc.

Rev. Wm. Davies of the Second church has been doing vigorous and effective work in behalf of Eells Academy, and many of the churches have contributed. It is worthy of note that Brother Davies has begun on his second decade of service as pastor of the Second church. His ministry has been in the best sense successful. Mr. Davies takes a leading place among the pastors of the city, and a

more evangelical and helpful preacher, as well as devoted pastor and willing worker in every good cause, cannot be found anywhere.

Pilgrim church had a successful ice cream social last Tuesday evening. The pastor, Rev. J. Edwards, was present, and received a hearty welcome after an absence of two months in California. He has nothing but words of praise for the Pacific Coast Congress, and the good people of the Golden State. It is reported that Rev. A. J. Bailey has presented his resignation as Superintendent of the Home Missionary Society.

Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, D. D., Bradford, Mass., is expected here daily. It is hoped that his visit as director of the Congregational Home Missionary Society will prove a great blessing to this region, and result in making available the necessary funds to push the work in Northern Idaho.

Spokane, Wash.

## Acorns from Three Oaks.

By Aloha.

### VACATION MEMORIES.

Dr. Tuttle of Minneapolis used to say it was "delightful to dream of Europe, better yet to go, but best of all to come home and think and talk about it and help others to go." Unlike our royal Santa Clara county editor—Alfred Holman, Esq., editor of the cleanest daily I know of on the Coast (the San Jose Mercury)—who, born in Oregon, has lately given his readers fine unique letters concerning his first impressions of our Eastern people and cities. I was born near the Atlantic, and a journey East takes me to familiar scenes. Yet there is always something new about Minneapolis. New faces on the streets. New voices in the pulpits. New graves at Lakeside. New brides before the altars of the old churches. New classes at the noble Carleton College. A new privilege to offer the commencement prayer. Before those noble boys and sweet girl graduates were born I was praying for them. The early sermons were so full of college they never have been of much use anywhere else. In the fullness of my heart, once, just as the college was coming to its birth, I prayed twenty-eight minutes for it one Sunday morning—so the open-eyed Philistines said! How should I know? It seemed but eight minutes, which is the reputable standard I aim at—the very outside limit. How should I know? My watch is not a pocket alarm clock. Were I beginning life as a young minister I would have one and school myself to get the service inside of an hour. Have I scribbled a chestnut for an acorn? Well, I will tell you how I got out of it. The clock and a smiling rogue's face told me what I had done. I preached thirteen minutes and let the people out fifteen minutes earlier than

usual, and held my pulpit as long as any of the honorable and elect of my successors have, except the present delightful incumbent, Pastor McConnell, who has rounded out a decade of noble work. I hope when the storm of war has ploughed China and our young people go in glad companies to sow the glad seed for new gospel harvests they will spend whole nights and days in prayer. It is too late now to be ashamed of the long prayer. I have learned some of the sweet secrets of C. E. sentence prayers, also.

Oberlin's Reunion was a great success. As suggestive a sentence as was uttered was that of Dr. Warner, "I have never seen Oberlin before." Oberlin is not the old miry swamp whose depths of sticky clay were at one time her only refuge from a cavalcade of fire-eaters, bent on wiping out the pestilential village which now blooms in sylvan beauty and is the college home of the "best-housed college faculty in the country," as Mark Hopkins testified to President Fairchild. Nor do the large and gifted faculty constitute Oberlin. Nor yet the fine stone buildings made economically in the time of Oberlin's opportunity, by the discovery of a convenient quarry at her very doors. The great churches and Mission Societies are not Oberlin. But these appliances, used by the Spirit of God, have sent out into the world thousands of men and women with wholesome, practical purpose to help their fellows. These are Oberlin. What college community but Oberlin, with an immense program on hand, with attractive meetings galore, with daily morning prayer-meetings, would have asked the *privilege* of chapel prayers when the faculty had given them up for the last days of the crowded term? Unless Father Clark's London Endeavor meeting shall fill the Christian Endeavor World with the story of a surpassing occasion this Oberlin Reunion will rank in the hearts of those who attended it as the greatest meeting of the summer. To have been in Pres. Fairchild's home, to have knelt at his altar; to have had the grand old patriarch's arm as he walked to as many exercises as possible; to have seen the Chautauqua salutes to the dear old veteran educator who has been at sixty-six of Oberlin's sixty-seven commencements, absent from her holy convocation only for a journey to the Holy Land—this is a vacation memory worth a long journey. Let me tell the Oberlin family on our Coast the revered incarnation of the Oberlin theory of benevolence sends them his love. His dimming eyes would not recognize them on Professor street, but he would know their voices and inquire for their dear ones as of yore. If any of you ask me of President Barrows, let me assure you the old President loves the new one and believes in him. Let me give you a personal opinion. Having known all Ober-



lin's presidents from the beginning—the stately and philosophical Mahan, the fiery Finney, king of men, the model teacher, Fairchild, and the scholarly Ballantine, I believe we shall all come to feel that God has been singularly good to Oberlin in sending to her for such a time as this John Henry Barrows. With all exalted love and honor for his predecessors, I feel not one of them had more peculiar fitness for his day and time than this good man has for his. Let us trust him and pray for him.

A little picture of the alumni dinner and this acorn will come to a point. It troubled some of the old-time exhorters that the Oberlin of to-day was so lively. Even the genial old President said he was, "born too early to learn the language of yells." But as the eighty-two thousand dollars of subscription for alma mater rolled in, love's free gift, and the young fry yelled, old stagers—missionaries, reformers, evangelists—waxed young also, and got up on the dinner-tables and yelled also. Some of the acorns on my ragged trees grew long and slim.

#### A Sprig of Ivy.

Forty years ago a hundred and nine men of the class of '60 planted an ivy under the towers of Yale as they shook hands and sang their parting song. It struggled on a few years and died. A second ivy met a like fate. But President Woolsey had given permission to the devoted widow of one of our beloved classmates to take cuttings from our first ivy. This pious soul, one of New Haven's cultured and useful women, had a well-rooted ivy ready for us—a grandchild of our first ivy, and reverently stood by while thirty gray-haired men replanted the ivy of forty years ago. I'm keeping young by getting near to Mother Earth and learning some of her secrets of budding, grafting, and growing. "There are other standards of value than the almighty dollar," Doctor Fairchild taught me. So I have brought a grandson of the ivy of Yale, 1860, and it takes kindly to the ruggedest of "Three Oaks." It crowds out no merchantable apricot. If Belgian hares will eat its superfluous leaves I know not, but it is welcome to air and care and water. Water means love on these foot-hills. This ivy—"only an ivy"—spent a night by Moody's grave, and in the morning its owner looked out from the porch of the Northfield inn on the only view the summer has given him comparable with that God gives him daily here. And the ivy tells me of Oberlin, too, for it was a labor of love to bring it by Oberlin's altars, and never was singing bird, or blooded puppy, or rare curio from foreign lands a less burdensome charge. Only a bit of ivy; yet you can not buy it.

Yalensians may have a bit next year, if they want to celebrate Yale's bi-centennial by a little memorial planting in some sweet garden

spot. My mates of 'sixty have ripened into noble men. God bless them, every one! Little smoking this year. Little wine-drinking—very little. Not a song nor a story our wives and daughters would have blushed to hear. Our Xenophen made a fine alumnus speech. Our banquet called every man to his feet for a five-minute speech. "A regular Methodist love feast," said one. Yes, an ideal meeting, for forty-year graduates do not come together for harangue nor buncombe, but for heart-touching. Harvard whipped us at the ball game, but we waxed them in the boat race. 'Rah for fair Harvard! 'Rah for Yale!!! 'Rah for Pres. Hadley!!! "Only a sprig of ivy."

#### Sorry for the Boxers!

Sorry for Jeffries, California's proud champion? Yes, and for his preacher father, so infatuated with his son's success that he prays for his victories over other athletes. Sorry for poor old Sullivan, too, defeated by Corbett and by drink. Sorry for Corbett, too, the defeated idol of San Francisco. For Fitzsimmons, too, who broke his word to his wife that he would enter the ring no more. Sorry for Sharkey, with his broken ribs and broken record. And yet these men have glittering diamonds and golden badges beyond the spiritual athletes and scholars whose names my pencil catches. But they do not know Jesus Christ; they do not keep their bodies under as did Paul; they are strangers to life's noblest meaning; they go down to death, and I am sorry for them. But the Boxers I am thinking of are the army of Chinese fanatics who have made a ring about a little army of heroes in Peking and defeated their hope, for the time, of getting messages out to a waiting world, and help from Israel's God. Have they defeated them? The ungodly and unspiritual about us think so. They say the missionaries have done all this. They are damned by unthinking men in every corner grocery. They say we must kill a few million of the brutes, vindicate the flag, release such Americans as we can find, teach China a lesson, go with the imperial demands of commerce where we will, but leave the Chinese to a religion—their own religion—quite sufficient for them. Yes? The Book don't sound so. "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied." "His dominion shall be from sea to sea and from the rivers unto the ends of the earth." "If ye suffer with Him ye shall also reign with Him." The redemption of China is just begun. The Boxers are giving the black eye to Confucius and breaking a way for the King who bestrode the colt of an ass in the streets of Jerusalem. What a contrast between Gee Gam and these cunning liars who juggle with the telegraph! The same contrast there is between the devoted little company in the mission on Brenham Place and the lawless band

of highbinders, the terror of the San Francisco police.

We are going to know the truth about Peking. It will come out. Never fear any story of cowardice. They have been more calm than we. If they are alive they will not call in vain for re-enforcements for their great spiritual campaign. If gone the gory route to glory, it will be true now as in all ages, that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The old century will not die without new and glorious names on the banner of Christ. The new will not open without wide opportunities for the King's children. Get ready, Endeavorers. Be of good courage, ye hosts of the only King, who has the promise of God that he shall have undisputed reign. In the name of Him who said on the cross, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," let us rejoice with those who suffer for righteousness' sake, and pity the puny arms which oppose his advancing kingdom.

### Gertrude McKee Merrill.

It is with sorrow that we chronicle the death of Mrs. Gertrude McKee Merrill, wife of the Rev. W. C. Merrill of Lynn, Mass. Hers was a beautiful life. The present writer knew her in his pastorate at Pacific Grove, and gladly do we give place in these columns to a portion of the "In Memoriam" article written by a member of the church at Lynn for the Daily Item of that city:

"She was never more fitted for life and usefulness than when asked to lay it down, having the full enjoyment of all her strength and health, until the recent trouble came upon her. With patience and noble courage, upheld by an unfaltering trust in her Savior's love, she calmly awaited these approaching days with no undue anxiety. If possible, a little more thoughtful for her darlings and home, arranging many things for the dear ones, if possibly she should have to leave them, her tender words of hope to those nearest her, gave full assurance she well knew in whom she trusted.

"The charmed home circle, her dear ones and her wonderful usefulness in her Master's work, especially among the young people, seemed to us to need her more than ever. Her children of tender years, wanting so much a mother's love, yet the sad summons came, from which there is no appeal; her loving Savior, whom she faithfully followed so long and served well, has taken her to himself. Her life, fragrant in all the rich associations of true womanly character, is to-day a sacred memory to us all, to be treasured and remembered, and for our encouragement in the busy life before us.

"In early life, at the age of twelve years, she joined the First Presbyterian church at her home, in Stockton, Cal., and ever after, through a busy life, with all its incidents of

home building and home changing, she has been a consistent Christian worker, seeking not for herself, but always for others. Her greatest usefulness was in her tender, personal sympathy and quick appreciation of another's need. Her large Sunday-school class and the Young People's Society in her childhood's home remember her faithful work there. The Christian Endeavor Societies of later years in Sacramento and San Diego will never forget her work for them; how the pleasures of her own home were so generously and freely shared with them. She was especially helpful with young people and so loved to help and advise with them.

"The members of 'The Delphian' Society in the Sacramento church and the Monday Evening Club in San Diego pastorate will remember with gratitude her usefulness in helping to sustain those literary societies, while many of the twenty-five young men of her Bible class in San Diego will mourn her loss.

"In an especial manner was she the helper and wise counsellor of Mr. Merrill in all his varied pastoral work. Their tastes were very similar, enabling her to enter into his plans and usefulness.

"Mrs. Merrill has been the President of our Missionary Society for several years, and to her rare appreciation of the needs of the missionary workers, and their fields of enterprise, we owe many of our most instructive and interesting meetings.

"Mrs. Merrill was a faithful teacher in our Sunday-school for many months after coming to our city, but the growing cares of home life needed her strength and time and very unwillingly she had to give up this work. But the past two years of her life here, though confined more to the home, have had their broadening influence on her associates in the work she could undertake with them, and to all of those who came perhaps a little closer to her, the beautiful home life, of which we saw only too little, the mother and Christian worker, will always be gratefully remembered."

To accept the will of God is not to surrender, but to order a charge. To say, "Thy will be done," is not to sink back discouraged and resigned before misfortune or sin, but to consecrate ourselves unreservedly to warfare against it, and at last to complete victory over it. It is not the prayer of resignation, but the prayer of enlistment.—[W. W. Fenn.

The world's great Bible has countless chapters written in many ages and in many tongues; but, wherever we open it, we find traces of the self-same spiritual faculty, indications of revelation from the Unseen more or less distinctly heard and interpreted by prophetic minds.—[Charles B. Upton.

Faith is the air-tight compartment that keeps many a storm-driven soul from sinking.



## THREE REASONS.

I once met a thoughtful scholar who told me that for years he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: "First, I am a man; I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the only guide and leave me stone blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down into the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned upon an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep upon the breast of its mother. I know that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters (and he said it with tears in his eyes). They have no protector but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world if you blot out from it all teachings of the gospel."—[Bishop Whipple.]

## THE LIFE OF DAILY FAITHFULNESS.

Let us day by day do all the good we can. The apostle was intent on beneficent action, and day by day he sought strength for such action, and looked for renewal through it. He did not put his faith in the periodical doing of great deeds, but in the faithful pursuits of a daily helpfulness. In one of her letters Miss Havergal writes: "The bits of wayside work are very sweet. Perhaps the odd bits, when all is done, will really come to more than the seemingly greater pieces—the chance conversations with rich and poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes, even the 'tables d'hôte' for me and the rides and friends' tables for you."—[W. L. Watkinson, D.D.]

## HOW TO LIVE.

The great problem is, after all, how shall one grow in sympathy and tenderness and generosity and consideration? How shall he feed on high thoughts and noble aims? How shall he be swift to discern and avail himself of those opportunities for usefulness to others

# The Delicious Fragrance

**from a hot  
Royal Baking  
Powder biscuit  
whets the  
appetite. The  
taste of such  
a biscuit—  
sweet, creamy,  
delicate and  
crispy—is a joy  
to the most  
fastidious.**

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.

which are the best channels of his own growth? How shall he hold clear and close relation with the divine energy?

"Be one of the conquerors!" said Balzac. "The universe belongs to him who wills and loves and prays, but he must will, he must love, he must pray!" In a word, he must possess wisdom, force and faith!—[Lilian Whiting.]

There are some curious facts about our calendar. No century can begin on Wednesday, Friday

or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April or July; September, as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other, and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29th.



### WEIGHT OF PRECEDENT.

There is a story reported as having been told by Colonel Fred N. Dow of Portland, Me., son of the great Maine law prohibition worker, General Neal Dow, which shows well how customary usage "broadens down from precedent to precedent." And no less plainly does it show the weight of the exceptional precedent.

Colonel Dow once visited friends at Quebec, and while seeing the sights of the city and its surroundings he took a public carriage to visit the Falls of Montmorency. At a halfway house on the road the driver pulled up his horses and remarked, "The carriage always stops here."

"For what purpose?" asked the colonel.

"For the passengers to treat," was the reply.

"But none of us drink, and we do not intend to treat."

The driver had dismounted, and was waiting by the roadside. Drawing himself up to his full height, he said, impressively, "I have driven this carriage now more than thirty years, and this has happened but once before. Some time ago I had for a fare a crank from Portland, Me., by the name of Neal Dow, who said he wouldn't drink; and what was more to the point, he said he wouldn't pay for anybody else to drink."

The son found himself occupying the same ground as that on which his father had stood.—[Youth's Companion.

### THE PREACHING THAT WINS

When the gospel is vitally preached the people are as much interested in religion as they ever were. The preacher who is filled

#### How's This?

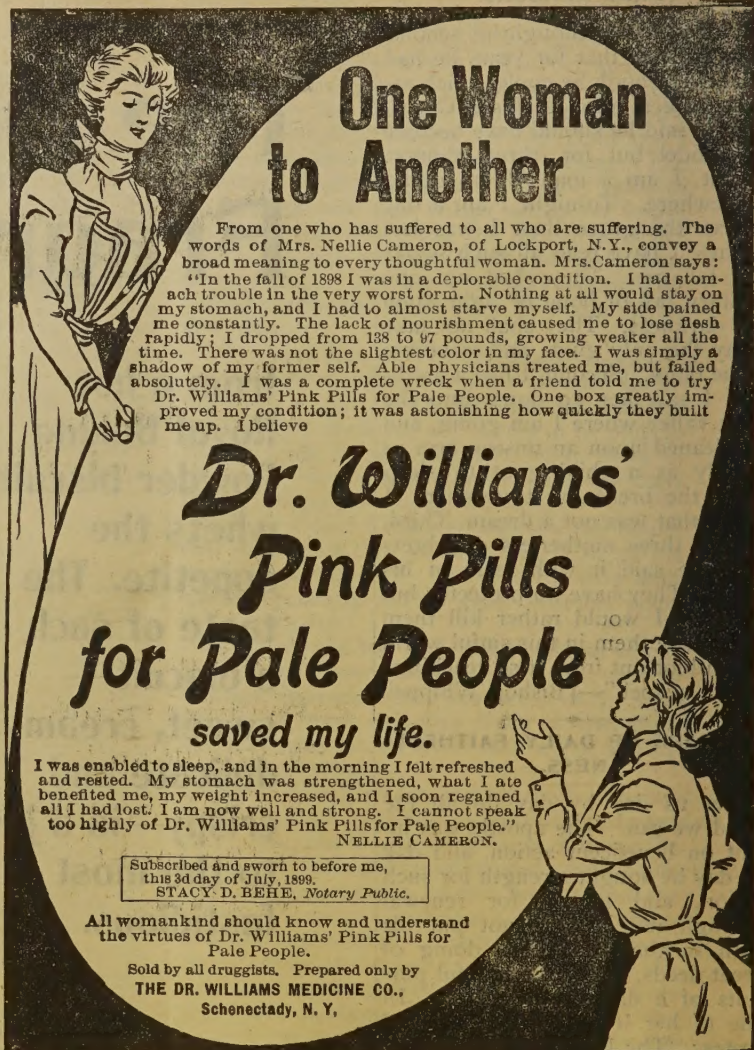
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Hall's Family Pills are the best.



## One Woman to Another

From one who has suffered to all who are suffering. The words of Mrs. Nellie Cameron, of Lockport, N.Y., convey a broad meaning to every thoughtful woman. Mrs. Cameron says: "In the fall of 1898 I was in a deplorable condition. I had stomach trouble in the very worst form. Nothing at all would stay on my stomach, and I had to almost starve myself. My side pained me constantly. The lack of nourishment caused me to lose flesh rapidly. I dropped from 158 to 97 pounds, growing weaker all the time. There was not the slightest color in my face. I was simply a shadow of my former self. Able physicians treated me, but failed absolutely. I was a complete wreck when a friend told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. One box greatly improved my condition; it was astonishing how quickly they built me up. I believe

## Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

*saved my life.*

I was enabled to sleep, and in the morning I felt refreshed and rested. My stomach was strengthened, what I ate benefited me, my weight increased, and I soon regained all I had lost. I am now well and strong. I cannot speak too highly of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."  
NELLIE CAMERON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me,  
this 3d day of July, 1899.  
STACY D. BEHE, Notary Public.

All womankind should know and understand the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by  
THE DR. WILLIAMS MEDICINE CO.,  
Schenectady, N. Y.

with the Holy Spirit, and has his gospel interpreted to him from above, tells the old story of the Cross and the resurrection with all its ancient power. The half-converted, unconsecrated preacher, with a smattering of higher or orthodox traditionalism and dogmatism, and some knowledge of the imaginative literature of the day, who cannot stand on a dry-goods box in a village street and declare a full, free and present salvation, would be wise to abandon the pulpit for a more congenial calling. A brilliant man of letters recently said, "I think I like the 'Come to Jesus' preacher best." Another

said, "I truly love the sound of Scripture in a sermon." When the best educated feel this way it may be easily inferred what the people at large are thinking. The gospel message is to-day, and will be to the end, the world's great need.—[Selected.

If our lives are failures, it will not be because we do not reach the sphere which we had set before our ambition, but because we do not perform the duties of that sphere in which God has kept us. He ordaineth our lot, and to serve him faithfully where he has placed us is life's highest success.



**GLEANINGS.**

the way to start a revival is to  
on fire ourselves.

What Christ saves us to is as  
important as what he saves us  
from.

Much of the music of life de-  
pends on your touch and your  
feeling.

Same offers not so glorious a  
one as that of bearing shame for  
another.

It takes no more than one ser-  
vice of cherished sin to strike the  
heart.

God neither asks for more than  
he can do nor expects less than the  
best.

When we are living to do good  
we can depend on God and angels  
for help.

A sealed tomb is the only com-  
fort of those who look only to a  
dead Christ.

God sees to it that the cheerful  
worker never has to go out of the  
business for want of capital.

Hope believes less of man on ac-  
count of what he is than in what he  
can be on account of what God is.

There isn't any use in going into  
the church to work for the Lord,  
if you let the devil hold your purse.

Pride is not a bad thing when it  
urges us to hide our own  
faults—not to hurt others.—  
George Eliot.

To the aged saint heaven looms  
brighter every step, and amid a  
chorus of hosannas angels escort  
him to a conqueror's crowning.

One reason why there is not  
more good being done is because  
many people want to wait until  
tomorrow to begin.—[Ram's  
own.

It is a great folly to neglect  
things that are profitable and neces-  
sary, and to choose to dwell upon  
that which is curious and hurtful.—  
Thomas a Kempis.

To become like Christ is the  
only thing in the world worth car-  
rying for, the thing before which ev-  
ery ambition of man is folly, and  
every lower achievement vain.—  
Drummond.

We adore the God whose mercy

has been over us all through life,  
whose power has upheld us, whose  
wisdom has guided us, whose love  
fills our hearts and enables us to  
love all mankind.

Let us tell Jesus all that presses  
upon us, whether joy or sorrow,  
and leave to him the determination  
of his action for our help.—[Mc-  
Laren.

It is a false idea that people want  
a new gospel. What we must do  
is to cry down sin and exalt Jesus  
Christ. Let us get back to the Bi-  
ble, and cease splitting hairs and  
magnifying our differences.

As iron put into the fire loseth  
its rust, and becomes all bright  
like fire, so he that wholly turneth  
himself unto God is purified from  
all sin, and changed into the like-  
ness of God.—[Thomas a Kempis.

The pyramids of Egypt may  
crumble away—nay, they have  
been much diminished in size and  
beauty by the hands of vandals,  
and are being gradually worn  
away by the tooth of time—but the  
infinite fullness of Christ is never  
wasted by the passing of the ages.  
—[Pentecost.

Jesus chose preaching as the  
method for extending the knowl-  
edge of himself throughout the  
world; he taught the great truths  
of his kingdom to a few men, and  
then told them "to go" and tell  
that truth to other men. He has  
never abrogated or modified that  
plan; he still says, "Go into all the  
world and preach my gospel to ev-  
ery creature."

Every stroke of sorrow that is-  
sues into light and joy is God put-  
ting into your hand the key of that  
sorrow, to unlock it for all the  
poor souls whom you may see ap-  
proaching it through all your fu-  
ture life. It is a noble thing to  
take that key and use it. It is a  
strange thought to many, but it is  
very dear to the souls that really  
enter into it, that there was some-  
thing in the crucifixion which it is  
our highest privilege to share.—  
[Phillips Brooks.

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nerves. Wonderfully quick in its action.

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nature are low, and the tree stands like



a solitary  
monument to  
the dead sum-  
mer. In the  
winter of life,  
active men  
experience a  
similar lower-  
ing of vital-  
ity. In some  
the effect is  
startling.

They loose  
their grip on  
life. They  
seem like  
monuments of  
a buried past.  
At this crisis  
there is need  
of a medicine

which will nourish and build up the  
body, and increase its vital power. Such  
a medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Med-  
ical Discovery. It enriches the blood,  
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Faith evermore overlooks the  
difficulties of the way, and bends  
her eyes only to the end.—[Bishop  
Hall.

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